METRICAL MUSINGS

ON THE

MOST IMPORTANT SUBJECTS;

ALSO

SPECIMENS OF A PROPOSED NEW VERSION

OF THE

PSALMS OF DAVID.

BY J. P. MEIK.

"I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live; I will sing praise unto my God while I have my being. My meditation of Him shall be sweet; I will be glad in the Lord."—*Psalm* civ. 33, 34.

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PREFACE.

The dedication prefixed to the following verses will sufficiently account for their being now published.

In compiling and revising them to this end, (for, composed at long and uncertain intervals, they were not originally designed to meet the public eye,) the author has endeavoured, by the use of the plainest language and the avoidance of all hard and pedantic terms, to adapt them to the comprehension of the poor and least educated classes, so that the subject alone may draw and fix the attention of their perusers, and thus, the truth as it is in Jesus being their main attraction, the legitimate and true end of all labour, even the benefit of man and the glory of God, be attained.

Although sensible that the work, apart from its objects, has little or no instrinsic merit to recommend it, and that from the feebleness of its execution, as well as from the doctrines it contains, it will be despised by many; yet the author has not sent it forth in an anonymous form, being apprehensive, that by so doing he might subject himself to the suspicion of shrinking from an open acknowledgment of the sentiments it inculcates, or of being in any measure ashamed of the cause of the

Master he alone desires to serve, or of the reproach of His cross, which he well knows is yet, as it ever will be, to the self-righteous a stumbling-block, and to the wise of this world foolishness.

The versification of a few of the Psalms of David added to this work (which with much diffidence are offered as specimens of a proposed version of the whole), has been undertaken from the feeling that a strictly literal and yet metrical version of them, although in many respects desirable, has not yet been attained; most of those hitherto published being either mere loose paraphrases, or so diluted with verbiage, as when compared with the translation in our Bibles to be hardly traceable as versions of the same composition, having in many instances not even the meaning of the original, but on the contrary, from their uncalled-for additions, often engendering ideas wide apart from the written word itself.

Such, however excellent in their measure and place as running commentaries, are but at best as mixed waters, which cannot as a whole be received by Christians in general with the implicit confidence of the pure waters of revealed truth, which the words of God really are when compared with human compositions: neither can they be equally well adapted for the public services of God, or prove so satisfactory to the minds of the varied worshippers engaged in singing His praises, as the unmixed word itself is, and ever must be.

That this pure word has not yet been put into a form altogether suitable for congregational Psalmody, is acknowledged and lamented by many; for though there are versions which are

closely confined to the original, and consequently retain much of its simplicity and strength, yet they again are so deficient in cadence and common rhythm as to be in many instances unreadable.

It is not however with the presumptuous idea of producing a version perfect as a whole, or even in part, but merely with the hope in the meantime of improving in some measure or in some parts on the stricter versions, and that in regard to their metre alone, that the Author has been induced to make the attempt he has done; and if with the adherence of the most faithful of all (the Scotch one) to the translation in our Bibles, the specimens advanced of a simple versification of this portion of the word of God, are judged to be more metrical, and consequently better fitted for the vocal worship of His people, he will have attained all he aimed at; and should sufficient encouragement be received and subscribers acquired to admit of the proposed version being finally published (thereby showing that the specimens have in some degree been acceptable), he will feel himself justified in proceeding with the work as far as God in His good providence and grace may grant him opportunity and ability to do so.

December 16, 1843.

"MY LORD AND MY GOD."

JOHN xx. 28.

"CHRIST JESUS came into the world to save sinners."—1 *Tim.* i. 15.

"Grace and truth came by JESUS CHRIST."—*John* i. 17.

"We are justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in CHRIST JESUS."—*Rom.* iii. 24.

"A man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of JESUS CHRIST."—*Gal.* ii. 16.

"CHRIST has redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us, that the blessing of Abraham might come on the Gentiles through JESUS CHRIST, that we might receive the promise of the SPIRIT through faith."—*Gal.* iii. 13, 14.

"Neither is there salvation in any other, but by the name of JESUS CHRIST of Nazareth, whom man crucified, whom God raised from the dead; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."—*Acts* iv. 10, 12.

"The blood of JESUS CHRIST his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 *John* i. 7.

"We have an Advocate with the FATHER, JESUS CHRIST the righteous."—1 *John* ii. 1.

"For there is one God and one Mediator between God and men, the man CHRIST JESUS, who gave himself a ransom for all."—1 *Tim.* ii. 5—6.

"We have peace with God through our Lord JESUS CHRIST."—*Rom.* v. 1.

"We also joy in God, through our Lord JESUS CHRIST."—*Rom.* v. 11.

"The gift of God is eternal life, through JESUS CHRIST our Lord."—*Rom.* vi. 23.

"The God of our Lord JESUS CHRIST, the Father of glory, hath put all things under his feet, and gave him to be the Head over all things to the Church."—*Eph.* i. 17, 22.

"JESUS CHRIST is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."—*Heb.* xiii. 8.

" Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."—*Phil.* ii. 11.

" This same Jesus, who was taken up into heaven, shall so come in like manner as he was seen go into heaven."—*Acts* i. 11.

" Behold, He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they *also* which pierced him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him. Even so Amen."—*Rev.* i. 7.

" The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: Then we which are alive *and* remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."—1 *Thess.* iv. 16—18.

" There is laid up a crown of Righteousness, which the Lord, the Righteous Judge shall give at that day unto all them that love his appearing."—2 *Tim.* iv. 8.

" He which testifieth these things saith, surely I come quickly; Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."—*Rev.* xxii. 20.

" If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, he shall be accursed at the coming of Him our Lord."—1 *Cor.* xvi. 22.

" Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Amen."—*Eph.* vi. 24.

" The Lord Jesus Christ be with thy spirit, *(reader.)* Amen."—2 *Tim.* iv. 22.

DEDICATION.

"And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the LORD JESUS, giving thanks to GOD and the Father by Him."—*Col* iii 17.

O THOU, erst man of sorrows, now the spring
And only source of never-fading joy,
I unto Thee my humble offering bring,
And in Thy praise alone my powers would employ.

Thou knowest all my heart, and well canst tell
Each varied motive that may there arise,
For no hid thought nor wish can secret dwell,
Or shun the piercing gaze of Thine all-seeing eyes.

Then search my heart, Redeemer, and dispense
On me a portion of Thy Spirit's fire :
Keep me from wandering through the mists of sense,
And with light-giving truths my waiting mind inspire.

Grant me the beauty of Thy love to know :
Give me the pureness of Thy truth to heed :
Then as a healing stream my verse shall flow,
And from all vain alloys, my humble songs be freed.

So Thou art fear'd by one who fear'd Thee not:
So to a soul far off Thou art brought near:
So by a wanderer, Thou, O Lord, art sought,
Or made more precious still to any follower here:

So that one saint Thee better glorify,
And higher praises unto Thee award:
So one poor sinner be induced hereby
To seek Thy ready grace: I have my great reward.

O then accept and bless each simple strain;
Is error there? all from its workings free;
Let only truth upon the heart remain,
And as the gift is Thine, so Thine the glory be.

METRICAL MUSINGS.

THE VANITY OF THE WORLD.

"Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, all is vanity."—*Eccl* xii 8.

O WHAT a vain and empty show
The world with all its boasting proves!
Its honours! O how false their glow!
And how alloyed its purest loves!

Its creatures travel to and fro
To seek for joy, where no joy is;
For gain'd, they find, made up of woe,
What, seen afar, seemed only bliss.

The world! its promises are lies;
Who trust them, shall at last be shamed;
For all its gifts, men so much prize,
Are but gilt troubles, cares misnam'd.

Bright as the Orient sky it shows,
And the glad heart bounds at the sight;
Transient as Eve the glory glows,
And leaves that heart to sorrow's night.

Gay from anticipated joy,
See youth with buoyant steps advance,
Eager their powers to employ
In scenes fresh fancy doth enhance;

But soon, O soon do trials rise,
Followed by troubles, griefs, and woe;
Soon disappointment clouds their skies,
And mars their happiness below.

For who can fly from sorrow's flood?
Who can elude care's piercing thorn?
Or 'scape the pains of flesh and blood,
In guilt and utter weakness born?

Ah! who can bear the storm that bursts
From hellish hearts with dreadful sound!
See passion's desolating gusts
Spread terror, ruin, death, around!

Or who can selfishness behold,
Meet with deceit at every turn!
Nay feel one's own heart too grow cold,
Or only with vile passions burn!

And ever hope to find release
From sorrow, in the world's displays?
Or hope for happiness or peace,
From ought of earth, or earthly ways?

O no—not here is joy procured
To satisfy th' immortal mind;
Not hence is solid peace secured:
'Tis not below we rest can find.

Then turn, dear soul, and seek thy rest,
Where peace and rest alone are found;
No more let cares invade thy breast,
Nor earthly troubles there abound.

There is a scene that ne'er deceives;
There is a speech whose words are true;
There is a gift that well retrieves
The hopes held out, the promise due.

There is a Friend, whose heart doth feel
Soft pity for the wretched's smart;
Whose eye doth mark, whose love doth heal
The bleeding and the broken heart.

Trust—trust in Him to guide thy youth,
Trust in the promises He makes;
Nor trust in vain, for He is Truth,
His love the trusting ne'er forsakes.

Go—go to Him, hear His sweet word,
The word of grace He seal'd with blood;
He'll thee receive, thy living Lord,
And you believing find Him God.

Then shall the Spirit's holy fire,
The promis'd gift, to you be given;
Then shall you gain man's best desire,
Rest, and unbroken peace in heav'n.

PEACE,

AN ALLEGORICAL ODE.

SWEET Peace, with gentle wing,
Soft breast, and dove-like eye,
Where broodest thou, o'ershadowing
Haunt of some peasant, sage or king,
Thy favoured votary ?
Where's thine abode ?
O tell me where ?
And though all thorny prove the road,
I'll seek thee there.

For thee Fame's courts around
I sought in vain ; Envy,
Ambition, Treach'ry, I found,
And Malice there, but heard no sound,
Nor vestige saw of thee ;
Nay, while there each
Did witness bear,
Pride, thron'd within, confirmed their speech :
Peace was not there.

Abashed I turned away,
And craved from Riches aid :
To his hid cave he led the way,
And said thy haunt he would betray,
He only me betrayed !—
I saw his gold
Was watched by Care,
And fled : nor needed to be told
Thou wast not there.

To Pleasure's fane I flew;
Amid her festal train,
Rejoiced, I did thy semblance view,
But when t' embrace thee near I drew,
I grasp'd a shadow vain.
Quick the fair ghost
Melted in air;
Vainly I call'd the vision lost—
Thou wast not there.

Again I was deceived
By Ease who took thy form.
I cold Morality believed;
With dull Formality I lived,
And vice outworn Reform;
They knew thee well!
A falsehood bare!
I might as soon have sought in hell
Thee, Peace, as there!

The World then knows thee not,
Thou claimest higher birth;
Wordlings thy friendship have not got,
For I for thee intent have sought,
Of earthliness on earth,
Each kind in vain;
And now despair
Ever thy presense to obtain,
Or meet thee there.

But there's another race,
Derived from heavenly line,
Whose sacred haunts I fain would trace,
And with Repentance, Love and Grace,

Would seek for thee divine—
There thou dost dwell;
This Truth doth swear,
And Faith, and sage Experience tell
That thou art there.

Thou art there—but O the way!
How may I reach their height?
'Tis given! Lo bursts a sudden ray,
From troubled, clouded Calvary,
Of steadiest purest light;
A heavenly Star,
It doth declare,
From midst sin's rage and foulest war,
That thou art there!

Aright yet do I see?
Am I deceived again?
Wonderful strange! that Peace should be
In acme found of Misery:
Linked to extremest pain!
Strange is the view,
Beyond compare!
But O, 'tis not more strange than true!
Thou Peace art there!

For Christ thine Author is,
He thee to earth did bring,
The purchase of His agonies,
The fruit of groans and tears, and cries:
Thou from the cross did'st spring!
Baptized with blood,
Divinely fair,
Earnest to man of every good,
Thou shined'st there!

Yes, He with blood embued
Thee, as with mightiest spell;
All obstacles and foes subdued,
With thee the covenant he renewed,
Again with man to dwell;
And with His saints
Their burden share,
From their tried hearts to chase complaints,
And dwell, aye, there.

Yes, thence thy gracious voice
Calls loud, "O come and see,
Come to the Cross, make Christ your choice;
Then shall you evermore rejoice,
And Peace shall dwell with thee.
Nought shall distress,
Nor death shall scare,
No terror can the mind possess,
When I am there.

Come quickly, while you may,
Ere ever time be gone—
Priceless the gift, but short thy day,
Cease then from man without delay,
And come to Christ alone;
Nor look around,
Nor seek elsewhere,
At Jesus' cross I still am found,
And only there."

Hear all, small, great, low, high;
Kings, subjects, all hear this,
And unto Jesus' cross draw nigh,
Regard the word, and taste and try,

And feel and own the bliss :
For all 'twas bought,
Free, free as air ;
None ever there the blessing sought,
But found it there.

O, then, from vain man cease :
For Peace, the gift of heaven,
Better than corn and wine's increase,
Is only by the Prince of Peace
Unto His followers given.
Seek—seek His face
With earnest prayer,
So shall thy heart exult through grace ;
Peace being there.

I've found thee, now long sought,
And will not let thee go,
But still confess Him, who thee bought :
Him who, with choicest blessings fraught,
Purchas'd with pain and woe,
To me is known
And counted fair,
Who in my breast did thee enthrone
And keeps thee there.

Lord Jesus, I am Thine ;
I glory in my Lord ;
Still may my heart to Thee incline.
Keep it, O Lord, for Thou art mine,
Thou art the Lord my God,
And at Thy feet
Me still prepare,
To enter on Thy rest, and meet
Peace endless there.

CONCERN FOR THE WICKED.

Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because they keep not Thy law.— *Psalm* cxix. 136.

O SAVIOUR, daily thy great name
Is scorn'd, Thy blood fresh spilt,
By men who boast them in their shame,
And glory in their guilt.

What hast Thou done that they should find
Cause for detesting Thee?
Hast Thou ere injured human-kind,
Or shown them enmity?

Art Thou not rather full of love?
Didst Thou not prove the same,
In leaving joys unmix'd above,
For unmix'd woes and pain?

Yea, Thou art good, gentle, and mild,
And merciful and pure;
Sinless—it was for man beguil'd,
Thou sufferings didst endure.

For man alone, than whom was none
Base, vile enough, t' inflict
On Thee those sufferings which alone
Cancell'd his awful guilt!

O wondrous scene—all words do fail
T' express this mystery!
Break my hard heart, in groans bewail
The woeful history,

Of thine and mankind's lost estate
And deep depravity,
Which bore such fruits of malice, hate,
'Gainst Truth and Purity :

Which warr'd against the Prince of Peace,
And from the horrid strife,
Satan inspir'd, refused to cease
Till slain the Prince of Life !

He died—but was it, Lord, for nought ?
Was Thy blood shed in vain ?
Of the travail of Thy soul so bought
Shalt Thou not see the gain ?

Thou wilt : for though all praise Thee not,
Yet Thou'lt be glorified ;
And for Thy saints, Thine without spot,
Shall not in vain have died.

Thou need'st not, Lord, the mocker's praise ;
Yet for Thine own name's sake,
Do from the death of sin them raise
And for Thine own them take.

Make them the depth, the height, the space,
The length, the breadth of love,
As in long-suffering, so in grace,
To know, admire and prove.

Then shall the hosts of heaven commend,
And, throughout earth and skies,
Shall bursts of joy to Thee ascend,
And Hallelujahs rise.

Then shall the Father in the Son
Joy, cause of boundless grace;
And the eternal Three in One
Receive the endless praise.

THE RAINBOW.

EMBLEM of peace to guilty man,
Unrival'd in its hue,
See the sweet Rainbow brightly span
The heaven's etherial blue:

Seeming a beauteous archway, given
To some far favour'd land,
The entrance to a purer heaven
Than fancy may command.

And seen by faith, say is it less?
No, 'tis the covenant sign,
The witness of the faithfulness,
And power of grace divine.

O may our thoughts be led above
When we behold it glow;
Still may it point us to the love
Of God to man below;

And when, His Providence, a storm
Glooms o'er us dark as night,
Then may our faith a rainbow form
And turn its drops to light.

JOY AT THE REPENTANCE OF SINNERS.

"I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—*Luke* xv. 10.

Come let us sing with joy,
Let joy unmix'd abound,
Join all the blest employ,
Our brother lost is found.
Long lost, by vice held fast,
Defil'd in blood he lay,
Had not the Saviour past
Death had secured his prey;
But Jesus said, "Forbear,
I surely will deliver."
He took, He wash'd, He sware
"I will forsake thee never."

Let us then sing with joy:
There's joy in heav'n above,
For angels bless the employ,
Whose theme is Jesus' love.
The awaken'd sinner hears
That sin produces woe;
He trembles, weeps and fears,
And would his sins forego.
The atoning Lamb appears,
He and his sins do sever;
Blood, blood atones, not tears—
They had been vain for ever.

Yes, we do sing with joy,
With joy we praise the Lord,
Who giveth this employ,
As faithful to His word.
The lost, He still doth find,
The sick and lame doth cure;
Gives sight unto the blind,
Enricheth still the poor.
Jesus, this God is ours:
He'll daily grace discover;
O, for high heavenly powers
To praise our kingly Lover.

Let not our joy be lost—
For grace, free grace, adored
Be Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
By all with one accord.
Soon may Thy spousal come:
Enlarge Thy church's space:
Bring all Thy wanderers home,
And shout upon them grace.
We would obey our Lord,
To love and help each other,
And in His name and word
Rejoice in this our brother.

PRAISE THE LORD.

"And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written."—*John* xxi. 25.

O PRAISE the Lord! all people praise,
And bless the Saviour's name;
With one accord your voices raise,
The Saviour's praise proclaim.

The Saviour great, faithful and true,
Beyond conception fair!
Holy and just, yet gracious too,
And good beyond compare!

Reader, do thou thy tribute bring,
Of praise to Jesus due;
Come laud the Lord thy God and king,
Who bled and died for you.

Think what He suffered, what He wrought,
To save thy soul from woe!
Think of the price with which He bought
Thy freedom from the foe!

How He, thy lost soul to retrieve,
And from foul sin reclaim,
Did uncreated glory leave
For misery and shame!

And the blest praises, sweet and loud,
Of heaven's high hosts exchanged,
For bitter tauntings of the proud,
And vile, from good estrang'd !

How He was in our nature made,
And took a servant's place ;
Was in the lowly manger laid,
E'en with the bestial race !

How, too, thus poor,—and meanly born,
(Endur'd for mercy's sake,)
He meekly stoop'd and bore their scorn,
Whom He to being spake !

For, rear'd in want, He was despis'd
By those He came to save ;
Few—few, His mission own'd, or priz'd
The precious gifts He gave.

A stranger to the world He stood,
And met the stranger's lot ;
Though He returned still with good,
The evil that He got.

Foxes had hidden holes secure,
Birds of the air their nest,
But Jesus, He was homeless poor,
Nor had a place of rest !

Out-worn with toil He oft withdrew,
The naked earth His bed :
And oft the chilling midnight dew,
Fell on His watchful head.

With hunger, thirst, and cold acquaint,
He oft their pangs abode:
Oft too was weary, troubled, faint,
From grief's o'erwhelming load.

Concentrated He bore the storms
On human life that press;
Pain—pain He knew, in all its forms,
And agonized distress.

The bloody sweat, the scourge, the gall—
O have them in review!
The cross, the cry, the spear; for all,
All—all were borne for you!

Nay more—the dark and gloomy tomb,
Not then a place of rest,
Into her deep mysterious womb
Received the heavenly guest.

Death bound the mighty prey which bore
Sin's penalty for men;
What more could have been done? what more-
He lives, He rose again.

He burst the frightful grave, and tore
From Satan's grasp his prey;
Hell's dreadful power he crush'd, and bore
The sting of death away.

What could He more? ascended high
He pleads His people's cause;
And has obtained they shall not die,
Who love his holy laws.

Those, teach His Spirit, whom He sends
The witness of His love:
The Holy Spirit, who descends
From glory's throne above,

In mercy to convince each heart
Of sin and unbelief,
To humble, pardon, and convert,
Of sinners,—e'en the chief.

O then admire, believe His love,
And never cease to praise,
Till you commence, renewed above,
The song of endless days.

Praise—praise the Lord, all people, won
By love, His name record;
Praise God the Father, Spirit, Son:
Saints, angels, praise the Lord.

"LORD, SAVE ME."

"But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid; and, beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord, save me."—*Matt.* xiv. 30.

SAVIOUR, bless'd Saviour, to Thy breast
My weary soul would fly;
And there obtain the only rest
From sin and vanity.

Sorrow and pain do weigh me down,
Peace has my bosom fled;
Troubles and cares my spirits drown,
And all my joys are dead.

Temptations as a flood me whelm,
And as a bark, sore toss'd
In raging seas, with compass, helm,
And masts and bulwarks lost;

Strain'd, buffeted and broken, lies
The sport of every wave,
So fares my soul; then hear my cries,
I sink, O Saviour save.

Save, or I perish; O draw near—
Come quickly to mine aid;
Command the waves, Thy voice they hear
Speak, and the storm is laid:

And calm shall to my breast be given,
And peace return again,
And hope relift my thoughts to heaven,
And joy my soul sustain.

For these, the gifts of love and power,
Shall that poor man possess,
Who calls upon Thee in the hour
Of trouble and distress.

So be it, Saviour, unto me,
For unto Thee I call;
To none beside I make my plea,
Thou art my all in all.

"I WOULD FLY AWAY AND BE AT REST."

"Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers : the snare is broken, and we are escaped.—Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth."—*Ps.* cxxiv. 7, 8.

"And I said, Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then I would fly away, and be at rest.—I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest."—*Ps.* lv. 6, 8.

So spake a saint of old,
So often saints have told,
When coming forth as gold
From earthly strife,

They saw salvation near,
Nor wish'd to linger here,
Conquer'd the slavish fear
Of death in life.

So yet shall many saints,
Freed from all earthly taints,
Thus end their sad complaints
In songs of praise;

And as the scripture saith,
E'en on the bed of death,
With their expiring breath,
This song shall raise—

"Escap'd from every snare
The fowler did prepare,
I flee to nestle there
Where rest's prepar'd;

And bid a glad farewell
To every loosened spell,
That would entrap to hell
My soul ensnar'd.

Midst tyranny and wrong
Who would their stay prolong ?
How long, O Lord ! how long,
Wilt thou delay ?

No more from thee I'd roam :
I long to reach thy home :
Haste, angels, quickly come
Bear me away.

Blest Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Bear me to Christ above ;
Jesus, thine endless love
Makes, keeps me thine.

I shall thy glory see :
'Mongst saints thou'st number'd me—
I gave myself to thee ;
Loved, thou art mine."

O for the airy wings
Of yonder dove that flings
Beneath her earth, and springs
To light above !

How swift she cuts her way ;
Chiding the past delay,
She speedeth her away
To meet her love.

Like her afar I'd soar
To meet with sin no more,
But hasten to explore
Thy courts of peace.

O Saviour, I'm opprest—
When wilt thou bid me rest
In regions of the blest
Where sin doth cease?

Let earthly terrors fly,
Let earth's affections die,
And fix my hopes on high,
Where thou art God.

So shall I truth embrace:
So shall I see thy face:
So shall I sing Thy grace,
For ever, Lord.

THE WISH.

Tell me, my soul, who doeth good?
Who can do good below?
Their works are righteous,—understood
By faith,—who Jesus know:

And their's alone; for, without faith,
All actions are but sin;
None can do good, the Eternal saith,
Till they're renewed within.

Then where's the Pharisee's proud hope,
Which from his works doth spring ?
'Tis as a fair deceitful rope
To which the wretch would cling :

Which breaks in time of sorest need,
And drops him into night,
To curse his folly, and each deed
Done in his own vain might.

Where is the hypocrite's ? a space,
He dreams that all is right,
The reckoning hastens,—void of grace,
He also sinks to night.

For though in time delusions please :
In time though all seem well ;
Eternity arrives, and sees
Each false hope quench'd in hell.

But, Christians have a better trust,
Even in a Saviour's blood ;
Though in themselves as weak as dust,
They're strong in Christ, the Lord—

By whose own grace, endued with might,
They learn betimes to do
That which is lawful, good and right,
And pleasing in His view.

Such freshen this dry wilderness,
As waters flowing free,
Their source derived from Faith's recess,
Their end, Love's boundless sea.

Many, as stately rivers show,
Bear navies on their tide ;
Pour countless blessings in their flow,
And cities' wants provide.

Others, as brooks, though from their source
It may be hid from day,
Yet still not useless in their course,
Hold on their humble way.

Reader, whose eye has so far traced
These lines, O search and see ;
Ask of thyself "Have I embrac'd
Christ's love and sought to flee

From every vice and sin ? am I,
Of those unto Him known ?
To Christ to live, to Christ to die,
Is that mine aim alone ?

Am I as these ? O God, give grace
That I may know my state,
Prove mine own self and seek Thy face
Ere yet it be too late."

Does this come from thine heart or no ?
Does He thy breast inspire
To serve Him here ? I know not so,
But this is my desire.

Lord, on Thy grace my hope I rest ;
Lord, with Thy love embued ;
Though not as stately waters bless'd
To a whole nation's good—

Yet may my course, while here below,
As a fair streamlet glide,
Rapid yet silent in its flow,
A strong yet gentle tide;

Which through some hidden vale may speed
Unheard but by a few;
Known only by the greener mead,
They on the margin view.

Where haply some poor pilgrim, tir'd,
Faint from life's weary road,
May drink, be with fresh life inspired,
And bless the creature's God.

Type of the private life I'd live,
Not for contention born;
In which through grace I'd ever strive
Thy Gospel to adorn.

Ruling my house in Thy pure fear,
Instructing all within;
Teaching Thy presence ever near,
Thy hatred of all sin;

Thy love that gave Thine only Son—
His coming down from Heaven:
His life—His death—His victory won;
His promised Spirit giv'n:

The justice, mercy, truth of God,
Who ever us maintains;
And all the glorious truths, His word,
His gracious word, contains.

His ever blessed word, that still
Hath glorious hopes in store,
Which Christ the Saviour will fulfil
When He returns once more,

To clear the earth, so long opprest,
From every hateful foe,
And save creation, sore opprest
With vanity and woe.

Then living saints shall ne'er be known
To dread mortality!
And the fierce grave be powerless shown,
Dead in reality!

For from its power His saints He'll free:
Who rising thus shall sing,
"O grave, where is thy victory?
And, where, O death, thy sting?"

But who would not by love be won,
But here refused t' obey
The holy Gospel of thy Son,
They shall be swept away.

Yes, then the foes of God shall flee
Thy righteous wrath before,
And on the exulting earth made free
Their place be found no more.

Then men shall own Thee as their king;
All nations, tribes, adore:
Unto Thee holy offerings bring,
And serve Thee ever more.

Lord Jesus, come,—the world retrieve
Hasten these glorious days,
When, Thy just due, Thou shalt receive,
The whole earth's grateful praise.

O Lord, my hope, my parch'd soul waits
To meet Thee in the air ;
To enter through the heavenly gates
Thy servant, Lord, prepare.

Give meekness, charity and peace,
Obedience to Thy will ;
Thine every grace in me increase,
Eradicate each ill ;

And by Thy mighty workings mould
My heart to love Thy sway ;
And purge and bring me forth as gold
From this life's devious way.

And bless all with me—to them show
The mind of Jesus here ;
Thy ceaseless goodness make them know,
And keep them in thy fear ;

That I and mine be not asham'd,
When Thou shalt be reveal'd ;
But stand before Thee then, unblam'd,
Secur'd, accepted, seal'd ;

Fitted to enter on thy rest,
To sit upon Thy throne ;
To be joint-heirs with all the blest,
Thou on Thy day shalt own.

Grant this, O holiest Father, grant,
And glorify Thy Son;
Grant this, we nothing more can want:
Thus bless us every one.

Then, though the grace Thy love imparts,
Will praise Thee all our days;
Our tongues shall bless Thee with our hearts,
And all our lives be praise.

BLESSEDNESS OF BEING ONE WITH CHRIST.

Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe in me through their word; that they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me."—John. xvii. 20, 21.

Jesus and all his saints are one,
United by His love;
E'en as the Father, and the Son
Are one in heaven above.

To him they look in troublous times,
To Him they call in need;
Nor look in vain, He saves betimes,
And proves a Friend indeed.

He in their weakness magnifies
His all sufficient power,
And makes His present grace suffice
In every evil hour.

He in their journeyings always
Doth keep their good in sight:
Guides them in guarded paths by day,
And watches them by night.

He ne'er forsakes, but where He lives
Shall be His servants' home,
When, by the strengthening faith He gives,
Their last foe's overcome.

For He, when heart and flesh do fail,
Supports the souls that love ;
When all besides cannot avail,
Jesus a friend doth prove.

Yes, when He's present there's no sting
Nor terror found in death;
His power eternally to sing,
Saints gladly yield their breath.

In Him they trust, and Him their choice,
Without repentance know.
They've greater reason to rejoice
In death than life, 'tis so.

Such truths His servants firm believe,
And living spread His fame:
Th' experience all in time receive,
And dying bless His name.

Dost thou know this, O reader, say?
If so, how blest thy state!
But scornful should you turn away,
Then it may be too late,

When fear and anguish seize thy soul
Upon a dying bed,
And God his wrathful thunders roll
In terror round thy head,

To turn to pray—then turn thee now
And wicked angels shame ;
Thy stubborn heart and neck now bow,
And pray in Jesus' name,

That God may make e'en you a saint ;
That when you come to die,
You may not unbelieving faint,
But live eternally.

LONGING FOR DELIVERANCE.

"O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death ?
I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord."—*Rom.* vii, 24, 25.

Base corruptions, hence—away !
I have been too long your prey;
I too long have felt your power,
Tyrannizing every hour ;
Long my soul has borne your yoke :
Oft has felt your heavy stroke :
Long you've held your cruel sway—
Base corruptions, hence—away !

I have grieved, and moaned and sighed :
I have wept, and groaned and cried :
I have wrestled, struggled, raved :
Still my soul it was not saved ;
Ye, my tyrants, entrance found :
In your horrid chains ye bound :
Racked and tore your helpless prey,
Nor till sated went away.

Ah, most wretched, helpless ! I,
To escape, would gladly die ;
Yes, corruption, in each breath,
Makes me long and cry for death ;
Loath myself, groan to be free,
Subject thus to vanity ;
Ever conquer'd in the fray,
Weak to drive the foe away.

But my soul, subdued by sin,
When there's nought to aid within,
Look without—One, there is one
Who can save a wretch undone ;—
Hark ! I hear the gracious word,
"Cast your burden on the Lord ;
On His faithful promise stay,
He will chase thy foes away."

O th' effects of this belief !
Finds my soul now her relief ;
Heal'd, refresh'd, with might endued,
Dares the fight till now subdued ;
Dares, and triumphs o'er her foes,
And assur'd, exulting knows,
Christ the Saviour hears her pray,
When, through Him, they flee away.

Hence, from troubling that they'd cease
And leave me to enjoy my peace ;
But, it may not be : the Prince
Of this world will still evince
His aversion, show his power,
Rage and hurt in this his hour—
Knowing that there comes a day
When that power shall pass away.

Still with God's own word mine aid,
More than conqueror I'll be made ;
And my soul shall thankful see
Giant sons of Anak flee.
See each maimed Dagon bleed
Through the might of David's seed ;
Who will clear my troubled way,
And drive every foe away.

Courage, soul ! no more, alone—
Jesus aids ! Christ Jesus own.
He will hear thine earnest call :
Save thee from corruption's thrall :
Teach thy fingers how to fight :
Strengthen with His grace and might ;
And still give thee faith to say,
Base corruptions, hence—away !

Why then, why cast down, my soul ?
All thy cares on Jesus roll ;
Though they rise a raging flood,
Still resist thy sins to blood.
Christ at last will end the strife—
Christ will usher into life :
Shall thy last corruption slay,
And for ever take away.

Fear not then, regard the end,
Christ His Spirit still will send,
Till He crown'd, Himself shall come
T' gather all His people home.
Victor here through God's own Son
Then you'll joy, the conquest won,
And enraptur'd own that day,
Sin, all sin, has pass'd away.

Thanks be then to God above:
Thanks for mercy, grace and love;
Thanks through Jesus Christ our Lord,
Who His spirit doth afford.
Ever present—ever near—
To preserve His people here;
Keeping from the strong His prey;
Taking all his snares away.

Thanks be still to God on high,
God who hears the needy's cry;
He His poor doth not reject,
But doth evermore protect:
He his blessed Son hath given,
T' save from sin and lead to heaven.
Thanks, through Christ, I'll give alway;
Thanks for evil pass'd away.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

"The desire of our soul is to thy name."—*Isa.* xxvi. 8.

"Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." —*Phil.* ii. 9—11.

THERE is a name, all names above,
A name of matchless fame;
Expressive of God's nature—love—
And Jesus is that name.

'Tis spotless, perfect, pure and fair,
Nor bears a shade of blame;
Nought in creation can compare
With Jesus' holiest name.

In it all glories, honours meet;
This shall all tongues proclaim,
When all shall fall down at his feet,
And worship Jesus' name.

To this great name belongeth power,
It, devils, men, can tame;
A safeguard, refuge, rock and tower,
To saints, is Jesus' name.

The channel this of mercy's tide:—
The blind, the sick, the lame,
The leper, and all else beside
Have health through Jesus' name.

Witnessing this in tongues of fire,
The Holy Spirit came ;
That, in men's hearts, He might inspire
The love of Jesus' name.

'Tis through this name all blessings flow,
His saints do know the same ;
Therefore it is where'er they go,
They sound forth Jesus' name.

Therefore it was when tried of yore,
The cross, the rack, the flame ;
Hunger and thirst they gladly bore—
Yea, died for Jesus' name.

Then, sinner, now the truth believe,
Nor longer dare defame ;
But as your life, your all receive,
And trust in Jesus' name.

And thou, my soul, be thou reproved,
And to thyself take shame
In that thou hast so feebly lov'd,
Nor honoured Jesus' name.

Now may this name of love and grace,
Me from my sins reclaim ;
So shall I ever see the face
Of God through Jesus' name.

O may the powers of my mind,
The members of my frame,
With my affections be combined,
In praising Jesus' name.

Hence! every thought that would oppose
His just and righteous claim.
Welcome each thought that doth dispose
To bless Christ Jesus' name.

Blest name, all hail! still may it be
My chief, my only aim,
To magnify eternally
My Saviour Jesus' name.

A HYMN OF PRAISE.

O SPREAD it far and wide;
Shout—shout aloud the glorious theme,
That God the mighty Saviour died,
That Christ the Lord was crucified,
Lost sinners to redeem:
To save from sin,
And death and hell;
All holiness to plant within,
And guilt expel.

Who will not join to sing
What all in heaven love to share?
Which tunes to highest note each string,
And thrills with extacy each wing
That quivers joyful there?
Angels esteem,
And angels praise,
And shall not man, He doth redeem,
Thanksgivings raise?

Attuned be every tongue,
And quicken'd every careless heart;
By all let Jesus' love be sung,
From shore to shore His praise be rung,
And each to each impart
The kindling flame,
Till all, as one,
Bow, and adore the wondrous name
Of God's own Son.

Worthy the Lamb once slain,
All riches, wisdom, to possess—
Worthy of universal reign,
All glory, honours to obtain,
And endless boundless bliss.
His praise we'll speak,
While we have breath,
Who came and died our souls to seek,
And save from death.

Jesus, accept our song,
Earnest of future songs above;
To Thee do honours, gifts belong,
Then make us, Saviour, holy, strong
In faith and zeal and love,
That having here
Shown forth Thy grace,
We at Thy throne may all appear,
And see Thy face.

JOB XIV. 1—6. PARAPHRASED.

O FULL of trouble, short of days
Is man of woman born;
A flower exemplifies his ways,
It springs and then is shorn.

Man fleeth as a shadow swift,
Nor does continuance see;
And dost Thou, mighty Maker, lift
Thine eyes on such as he?

And me, of these so fleeting frail,
To judgment dost Thou bring?
What's clean, Thou knowest, all must fail
To bring from unclean thing.

Seeing the days and months of man
By Thee are fixed and known,
That Thou'st appointed to his span,
Bounds that he cannot shun—

Turn him, O Lord, that he may rest;
Turn him from earth away;
So shall he feel as hireling blest
When he shall end his day.

GOD IMMUTABLE.

"Wherein God, willing more abundantly to show unto the heirs of promise the immutability of His counsel, confirmed it by an oath: that by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before us."—*Heb.* vi. 17, 18.

"For the gifts and calling of God are without repentance."—*Rom.* xi. 29.

God changeth not—the glorious truth
Let mortal worms receive;
Let all, high, low, old age, and youth,
The witness'd word believe.

Thou changest not—God, only wise,
All things on Thee depend;
Are known to Thee in their first rise,
Their goings out and end.

Thou changest not—holy and pure,
Thy nature taintless light;
Before Thee vice may not endure,
Nor guilt abide Thy sight.

Thou changest not—to punish just,
And gracious to protect;
To save who make Thy Son their trust:
To slay who Him reject.

Man changeth oft—no moment's space
Beholds him in one stay;
The following hour 'twere vain to trace
His ever-changing way.

Man changeth sore—the griefs, the strife,
The weary toil for fame,
The hopes out-liv'd, the cares of life,
Too plainly prove the same.

Who trusts in man—trusts in a breath,
A breath that melts in air;
Cursed—pronounc'd, he leans on death,
And journeys to despair!

Who trusts in God—to him, grace, strength,
Sufficient will be given;
Upheld in time, he'll reach, at length,
Peace, glory, joy in heaven!

And does man change?—why trust him then,
Still ever more deceived?
Is God immutable? O when—
When shall He be believed?

God changeth not—so Jacob's sons
Are not consum'd at all:
He spares all as His chosen ones
Who on His name do call.

God changeth not—the same to-day,
To-morrow, evermore;
Therefore, encouraged, sinners pray
And thankful Him adore.

He changeth not—therefore He hath
Long spar'd for Jesus' sake.
He changeth not—therefore will wrath
Th' impenitent o'ertake.

Thou changest not—my only trust,
When dangers press around;
And fearful, gust succeeding gust,
Temptations sore abound.

Thou changest not—be this my song
Throughout life's chequered lot;
Though changes still to me belong—
My God, He changeth not.

Thou changest not—Thy saints below
Found, lov'd of Thee unsought;
Humbl'd admire, and thankful know,
Their Saviour changeth not.

Thou changest not—when once in them
This truth hath hope begot,
They fear not though a world condemn;—
Their God, He changeth not.

Thou changest not—soon shall the throng
Love has to glory brought,
Commence the everlasting song,
That their God changeth not.

And when before Thy judgment throne
Grace leaves me without spot,
I still with rapt'rous praise shall own
O God, Thou changest not!

PRAYER FOR SPIRITUAL BLESSINGS.

O, FOR the faith that works by love,
To lead me in Thy ways!
Affections that are rais'd above,
Tun'd to show forth Thy praise!

O, for a judgment rectified:
A regulated mind!
An understanding freed from pride;
A will subdued, resigned!

O, for a conscience void of blame,
At peace with man and God!
A holy trust, that fears not shame,
Fixed on a Saviour's blood!

When shall Thy Spirit, Jesus, come,
These blessings to impart?
When shall Thy grace make Thee a home
In my ungrateful heart?

I feel my want, my soul I bow;
Lord, hear my suppliant cry.
Delay not long, but answer now:
I perish else and die.

THE INQUIRY.

How is thy precious soul? Immortal! say:
How fares the tenant of thy mortal clay?
Well is it, or with pining sickness prest?
Kept peaceful, or with cankering cares distrest?
Naked? half clad in robes, vile, tatter'd, mean?
Or drest in garments, spotless, whole and clean?
Starv'd, faint and feeble doth it now remain?
Feeds it on husks or on substantial grain?
Drinks it of troubled pools or crystal streams?
Torpid in darkness lies it? or do beams
From life and light's pure fountain on it shine,
Wakening its powers to engery divine?
What is thy soul's state? O, Immortal, tell!
Alive or dead? prepar'd for heaven or hell?
Immortal, speak! say, is it well or no?
Confus'd, thou answerest not—but wherefore so?
Alas! thou knowest not! no more than those
Who never knew they had a soul to lose
Or gain for ever.—Ignorant through sloth,
Or, just as bad, indifference, or both;
You have no wish, or leisure it may be,
To search your heart and your condition see:
Or dread to wake the slumbering conscience there,
Which once awoke thou knowest will not spare
Till its demands you fully satisfy,
And act up to the light it doth supply.
Thus shunnest thou the light! sad sign is this
That thou art not prepar'd for heavenly bliss!

That by this world's Prince thou art captive led,
And still in sins and trespasses art dead!

Proof would you have of what I now declare?
With things of sense then now the case compare.
Say, were these queries of the body made,
Couldst thou not answer? nor would it be said
I asked you what you could not tell, unless
You were indeed a corpse or reasonless.

O, say! is negligence the road to wealth?
Or ignorance a sign of mental health?
Still less of spiritual safety. Can it give
Ought but a proof of folly thus to live
Content in danger? O then, ere too late,
Soul, know thyself; O, know thy future state.
For if unknown, it is a state of death;
To fear it, such is the first sign of breath
Regain'd, but not until the soul doth see
Her danger imminent, and seeks to flee
From future wrath and vengeance, her desert,
Wakes she to purpose. Once her fears alert,
Trembling she cries, and agoniz'd she bleeds,
Till she obtain the saving faith she needs,
From Christ the Lord, whose knowledge only gives,
The Spirit and the power by which man truly lives.
Hence to the soul no sooner is applied
The pardoning cleansing blood for which she cried
In ceaseless prayings, than she peace enjoys,
And praise to God her future hours employs.
For faith, when planted by the Lord within,
A living principle opposed to sin,
Produces love to God; love which constrains
To live to him who, freed from error's chains:

To aim at reaching an eternal goal,
Now recognis'd the value of the soul.

Thus life, and safety, and salvation known,
Her sins forgiven, she still to God doth own,
Her past ingratitude, in contrast seen,
With God's free love in Christ—what she had been,
With His forbearance: all doth hourly tend
To make and keep her humble, and defend
From future sin;—regarding all, she wakes
To godly sorrow, and deep vengeance takes
On her loath'd self, in which were center'd long
Affections, hopes, which to her God belong,
Now sinful known, as seen in his own light;
Against herself she now begins the fight,
Which self destroys: henceforth she bears the cross,
Her joy, her God: all else is counted loss.

Yea, God, His truth, His promises, His plans,
Now form her trust, her hope, her treasure;—man's
Most faithless works forsaken, and the ways,
Maxims and fashions, honours and displays,
Of this vain evil world,—by God condemn'd,—
Opposed and conquer'd, vanquish'd and contemned.

Her life now hid in Christ, she seeks alone
The heavenly portion, and regards the throne,
The glory, crown and honours to be shar'd
By saints with Christ:—by whose free grace prepar'd
Th' inheritance is kept secur'd and seal'd,
Ready, soon—suddenly to be reveal'd,
When He himself shall come to claim his right,
To rule and reign; and with resistless might
Subdue his foes, and evil chase away

From earth; his kingdom come. O, glorious day
Of victory and praise, that soon shall come,
In hope of which the world is still o'ercome;
Things honoured once, despised; the hated, lov'd:
The slighted once as nought, tried, tasted, prov'd,
And most esteem'd; no more for sweet and good
The bitter put, or evil understood;
All things being changed—the ruined mind restored,
And in the light of truth the living God adored;
For when received the faith and hope He gives,
The flesh to death is doomed, the quicken'd spirit lives.

See a new creature, fitted, by a birth
Of new desires, and feelings not of earth,
To enter heaven! unless thus born again,
Man's life hereafter will be worse than vain.
Seek then this second birth: Christ is the road:
Christ shares the burden: Christ removes the load—
Prayer sincere, in Jesus' name is bless'd
To lead the soul to knowledge, peace, and rest.
Pray then to God, and He will hear Thy cry:
Search His pure word and pray unceasingly;
So will He give His Holy Spirit, who
Will take of all that's holy, good and true
As seen in Christ, and unto you make known;
Then by the light your darkness will be shown,
But to be scatter'd; and for slavish fear,
Shall peace, hope, joy and love supreme appear
In you believing.—If thus made anew,
When asked of your soul's welfare, then may you,
In confidence assur'd, as truth record,
"Well fares it with my soul, through Jesus Christ my
Lord!"

THE INVITATION.

"I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants. And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him."—*Luke* xv. 18—20.

Dear soul, thy heavenly Father waits,
And at thy ways doth mourn;
He watcheth at the heavenly gates;
And longs for thy return.

Why didst thou ever him forsake?
With shame, with deep shame burn;
Words of repentance to thee take,
And O, return—return!

Return to Him who hath evinc'd
To thee long-suffering grace:
Deluded soul, O, be convinc'd
Of thine unholy case!

And now no longer dare delay,
'Tis God would have it so;
To his high throne He's made a way,
Do thou arise and go.

O, now regard the call of love!
Turn not thine ear away;
Thy Father watcheth from above;
Pray to thy Father—pray.

He hears of prayer the faintest breath;
His heart towards thee moves;
That He doth not desire thy death
His suffering goodness proves.

Then turn thee—turn, ere too late;
While yet His love doth spare;
And mourn thy present evil state
And, humbled, pray this prayer.

" O God, the giver of all good,
To Thee my soul I bow;
Thy will to bless I've understood,
In sparing me till now.

Thy servants on Thy bounty feed,
And they are well supplied;
While, I a wanderer, suffer need,
From having left Thy side.

From ignorance of Thee, my God,
I have my soul destroy'd;
And hitherto Thy cleansing blood
Have rendered null and void.

But now my sins I do confess,
Faithful and just, forgive;
Remove my guilt, heal my distress,
And say unto me, 'live.'

I do arise and go to Thee,
My Father, spare Thy son;
To cloak my guilt I use no plea,
I have myself undone.

I am not worthy of Thy love,
Nor of my Father's name;
A son's place I no more may prove,
Nor yet a menial's claim.

But O restore! and me, the least
Of all Thy servants make;
Though long I've hourly guilt increased,
Yet for my Saviour's sake,

Who with our race Himself allied,
And bore a brother's name;
A servant lived and suffering died,
To free Thy lost from blame;—

O through Thy lov'd begotten Son,
Regard mine evil case;—
O make me Thine adopted one,
A monument of grace.

And make me henceforth ever sing,
Yet not alone, Thy love;
No; all Thy wanderers quickly bring,
And from false ways remove,

And let Thy kingdom come on earth,
Thy will be done below;
Thine outcasts prove the second birth,
And Thy salvation know."

Father of Spirits, Lord of all,
In whom Thy saints rejoice;
May many sinners on Thee call,
Thus, with adoption's voice.

May many raise the suppliant cry,
Which Thou so lov'st to hear;
From sin's vile ways repentant fly,
And unto Thee draw near.

To this end labourers multiply,
Thy gospel to proclaim;
To every nation make them fly,
To publish Thy lov'd name;

And soon Thine own elect complete;
Gather them quickly, Lord;
Thy blest return to wait and greet
According to Thy word.

For still all things are reprobate,
And Satan holds his way;
He sees fulfill'd his deadly hate—
Men love his fatal sway.

Oppress'd creation daily groans,
For vanity and wrong;
Travailing in pain she sadly moans,
And hourly prays, "how long!"—

How long, O Lord! Thy saints do cry,
Holy, and just, and true;
When wilt Thou come to rectify
And make all things anew?

When shall Satanic power be crush'd,
And wicked men undone,
Behold the faithful and the just
Shine as the glorious sun?

When shall the burden'd earth, made free
From those who her destroy'd,
Joy in the glorious liberty,
Of all the sons of God?

O, haste the day, hasten the hour,
Thy promise soon fulfil;
To take away the wicked's power,
And put an end to ill—

To make Thy saint's salvation known,
Delivered from the grave,
Raised to the glory, joy and throne,
Of Him who doth them save.—

Then Israel shall be saved—her tribes
No more be grieved by wrong,
For ever ceased the cruel jibes,
That she has borne so long.

O raise her soon to bless the earth,
As dew upon the ground;
That nations in a day have birth,
Through the whole world around.

Then shall the vast creation sing,
Yea shout aloud for joy;
When all shall learn to serve the King
In peace without alloy.

Then shall exulting nations raise
Their hearts with our accord;
And Thee their great desire shall praise—
For ever praise Thee, Lord—

Till then, O may Thy church be wise,
And wait th' appointed hour;
Do not her little strength despise,
But perfect in Thy power.

And fit her for the days of dread
Which darkly shadows throw,
So near at hand,—O Thou her head,
Unto her mercy show.

Be near to help,—under Thy wings
O cause her to repose;
That she escape the fearful things
Impending o'er her foes—

And be prepared, clothed as a bride,
To meet Thee in the air:
Crown'd, glorified, kept by Thy side,—
When Thou, Lord, shalt declare

Thy Majesty, and power show,
And glory manifest—
Thy full salvation then to know,
And be forever blest.

Holy Lord, God, Thy kingdom true,
Soon come: Thy will be done
On earth restored, when not a few,
But all shall serve Thy Son.

CHASTENINGS OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him: for whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.—*Heb.* xii. 5, 6.

O CHRISTIAN, who afflicted art,
By the just hand of God;
Who sufferest from the bitter smart
Of his chastising rod;
Hear it and harden not your heart,
For thus the all-wise Lord
Trains all His saints, thus calls to part
From earthly loves, and ways
    Detestable to God.

Nor faint thou under his rebuke;
From murmurings refrain;
Remember what His blessed book
Commands thee to count gain;
And faithful unto Jesus look,
Who, His saints to sustain
In evil hour, did meekly brook
Temptations, which His pure
    And righteous soul did pain.

Yes, think upon the keener grief
Thy heavenly Master bore;
How of conceived pangs, the chief,
His spotless bosom tore:

From which He found not a relief,
Though gush'd from every pore
His tortur'd blood!—Let thy belief
This, Christian, realize
And silent grieve no more.

O evermore may sorrow's flood,
Bear thee to Christ away;
Lead thee to view the crucified;
Force thee to Him to pray;
So shall you joy here to be tried,
As He was—that you may,
Dying to earth, as Jesus died,
Rise to His heavenly throne
And reign with Him alway.

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.

" And they brought young children to Him, that He should touch them; and His disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And He took them up in his arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them."—*Mark* x. 13—16.

JESUS CHRIST, the glorious Saviour,
Will not scorn a little child;
For on earth His whole behaviour
Unto such was meek and mild.

He refused to rebuke them
When upon His notice prest,
But unto His bosom took them,
Held them in His arms and bless'd:

And said, to His followers speaking,
Who His Spirit had not got,
"Suffer little children seeking
Uuto me, forbid them not.

For of such as these before ye
Is the kingdom of my God;
Verily I say, till o'er ye
Rests like spirit from the Lord—

Till ye with all pride have parted,
And as little children be,
Humble, loving, simple-hearted,
Ye shall ne'er my kingdom see."

Is it so? then how should children
Now the holy Jesus prize?
If they seek Him, He will be then
Ever precious in their eyes.

Is it so? then I will love Him,
Love Him now as children may;
Nothing in my heart above Him
Shall henceforth have any sway.

Early I will seek unto Thee,
Jesus, help in every need;
Let Thy grace now come unto me
And make me Thy child indeed.

Be Thou my best Angel, seated
In the holiest as divine;
Show Thy righteousness completed,
Made by imputation mine.

Plead the merits of Thy passion,
All Thy sufferings disclose;
Plead the flood of God's compassion
Which through Thee on sinners flows;

And obtain for me the blessing
Thou hast promised to bestow,
That Thy Spirit without ceasing
May be with me here below,

Teaching how to walk before Thee,
How Thy gospel to adorn,
How to bear Thy cross when o'er me
Fall afflictions, trials, scorn.

To Thy hands I now commit me;
Saviour cast me not away;
But redeem'd, reclaim and fit me
For the realms of endless day,

Where, secure, Thy people never
Cease Thy faithfulness to prove:
Where they feel, and that for ever,
Thou, O God, art perfect Love.

PENITENTIAL HYMN.

Saviour of sinners, give Thine aid;
Have mercy upon me;
And spare a wretch that far has strayed
From happiness and Thee.

I mourn my former ways, as those
Of darkness, shame and sin;
And own I found nor true repose,
Nor joy their paths within.

For though they promis'd freedom, joy,
In gratifying sense;
Those misnamed pleasures that destroy,
Were all they could dispense.

These gave they, and beside the sting
Inseparable from sin,
Which long outlives the joys they bring,
Rankling as thorns within;

From these I turn, and loathe the hour
I was a fetter'd fool,
The willing victim of their power,
Vile subject of their rule:

I turn from these, O give Thine aid!
Stretch out Thine hand and save,
And keep the creature Thou hast made
From their devouring grave.

Save me, O Lord! from these I cease:
To Thee my all I give;
O grant me purity and peace,
And bid my lost soul live.

Once I was blind, now that I see
I owe it to Thy word.
I here ascribe the praise to Thee:
Perfect Thy work, O Lord.

LONGING FOR CONFORMITY TO CHRIST.

"And be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God."—*Rom*. xii. 2.

Jesus, when shall my guilty soul,
Fair in Thine image shine,
Show that it owns Thy mild controul
And bears Thy stamp divine!

Give me Thy spirit and Thy grace;
Aid me to do Thy will;
Strengthen Thy holy steps to trace,
And Thy pure mind fulfil.

Then all things that I do while here,
Shall be as done to Thee;
For Jesus' sake I'll joy or fear,
Show love or enmity.

Like Thee I'll meekest pity show,
The mourning heart to soothe;
All boldness too to plead below,
The sacred cause of truth.—



I will not love an Angel form,
That counts Thy blest cross shame;
But I will love the meanest worm,
That glories in thy name.

Deformity I'll ne'er despise
If limited to clay;
But vice, though seen in fairest guise,
Hate and detest alway.

The greatest of earth's Godless sons
I'll fear not, nor esteem;
But dread to offend Thy little ones,
Whom I will precious deem.

I'll see not as the vain world sees,
Nor its desires fulfil;
Nor will I use its specious pleas,
To cloak the finish'd ill.

Its principles I will not own;
Its maxims I'll deny;
My heart shall be Thy throne alone
And mine the single eye.

False shame and fear no more shall guide
My steps from wisdom's way,
Nor will I more be led by pride
Thy laws to disobey.

But as I may I'll do all good
To all at home, abroad;
Yea, it shall be my daily food
To do Thy will, O God!

Hear me, and Lord, in all my ways
Make me to honour Thee,—
Cause me to serve Thee all my days;
Then own and honour me.

THE CHASTENING OF THE LORD.

My God, I feel Thy chastening rod
And own the just rebuke;
And mourn at last in having God,
My Father's God, forsook.

Though, hitherto, I've been unwise,
Rejecting still Thy yoke;
Let me not now Thy scourge despise,
Nor faint beneath its stroke;

Nor let me curse the instrument,
But look through it to Thee;
Meekly receive the punishment,
And bear the agony.

I know though hard to flesh, 'tis good
Humbled, abas'd to lie;
For thus the carnal mind subdued,
Learns unto self to die.

Deal with me still in wisdom, Lord,
Subdue my will to Thine;
And form my soul in sweet accord
Unto Thy grace divine.

And grant that in Thy Providence,
Throughout this weary land,
I, having the consoling sense
That love doth guide Thine hand,

(By the effects by it produced
On my degraded soul,
Breaking the chains that so seduced
And held it in control,)

May under the blest influence,
The chastisement receive,
And never lose the confidence
That filial love doth give.

Lord be it so unto me now,
I Abba, Father call;
For Jesus' sake the plea allow,
And heal my grievous fall.

CHRIST, THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me."--*John* x. 27.

Hark! O my soul, it is the Lord,
'Tis Jesus who thee loveth;
Who though He is the mighty God,
Thy true, thy best friend proveth;

Then fear not unto Him to go,
Nor treat Him as a stranger,
'Tis He that saves from sin and woe,
He saves thee from all danger.

At all times put thy trust in Him,
For life's tempestuous ocean,
Though calm and placid now it seem,
May soon be in commotion;

And storms, loud bursting, on thee pour,
And winds in fury blowing
Lift up its waves in wild uproar,
All bands and bounds o'erflowing;

Or sorrow's dark and louring cloud
May thy horizon darken,
Weigh on thy spirit as a shroud
And slay—unless you hearken;

Then hear, my soul, the Lord of grace,
Thy Lord and thy Protector,
Who only can the darkness chase,
Who is the storm's Director.

'Tis He that watcheth thee for good:
He is thy great Sustainer;
Thy body and thy soul their food,
Draw from Him, thy Maintainer.

By every right He is thy King,
In every way computed;
And He thy sacrifice for sin,
That grace might be imputed.

His goodness never more despise:
He only wisdom giveth:
Hear His instructions and be wise,
The soul who hears them liveth

O! then regard His blessed voice,
And follow Him believing;
So shall you in His peace rejoice,
The fruit of Him receiving.

Call, call with power unto me, Lord,
And me from sin awaken;
That I may haste to keep Thy word
And never be forsaken.

AFFLICTION SANCTIFIED.

"'The removal of their only one was made instrumental in turning them to God.' —"Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now have I kept thy word."—*Ps.* cxix. 67.

We love Thee, Jesus, gentlest, holiest Thou,
And meekest—when on earth Thou humbly staidst,
With accents mild, with calm and placid brow,
Thou on Thy lowly breast young smiling infants laidst.

They gazed upon that holy brow, nor feared
The stranger's look—rejoic'd they heard the sound
Of Gospel love, the effects of which appear'd
In life and stingless death, with after glory crown'd.

And yet, Thou gatherest such when hurt nor harm
Can reach, disturb, nor break their sweet repose;
Thy lambs Thou carriest still, and Thy right arm
Secures the perfect peace Thy love on them bestows.

Thou lentest us one little one,—of such
Thou said'st Thy Father's kingdom is compos'd;
We loved the babe, alas! we loved too much;
We idolized—we sinn'd—Thy rod our guilt disclos'd.

Our heart-strings all but broke—grief nigh to death
The hidden vileness of our hearts did show—
The Giver in the gift forgot—the breath
Thou justly hast resumed of him, the cause of woe,

The guiltless cause, for O, the pleasant child
Did suffer only for its parent's sin!
Thou knew'st his danger, that he might be soil'd
And lost for evermore; Thou pitying took'st him in,

In to Thy fold of chosen ones, and there
He blooms and blossoms in eternal spring;
We bless Thee for Thy chastisement, and care;
Thy wisdom still doth good from seeming evil bring.

With more than father's love, we do confess,
Thou'st dealt with him; and O, to us undone,
Thy love unsought, unask'd, has not been less!
And now convinc'd we bless Thee, Father, Spirit, Son.

And we would live unto Thee, having known,
Though late, our Lord, on Thee henceforth we hang
Our chief desires, convinc'd on thee alone,
Love, joy may have full scope, nor fear the parting pang.

The child we wish not back; but O, that we
May meet again! for this by Thee be given
To us faith, hope, child-like simplicity,
And humble, holy love—for these inherit heaven.

May Father, Son and Holy Ghost, our God,
Saviour from sin, fear, sorrow, death and shame,
Throughout creation have His name adored,
By all His grateful works, world without end!—Amen.

GOD AND MAN—GRACE AND SIN. GOD EVERYTHING—MAN NOTHING.

"When sin abounded, grace did much more abound."—*Rom.* v. 20.
"Mercy rejoiceth against judgment."—*Jas.* ii. 13.

I.—GOD GREAT AND HOLY.

God with His glory fills the skies,
His footsteps none can trace;
Before His pure and holy eyes
Evil may not have place.

The Heaven of heavens cannot contain
His awful presence—nor
The wonders of the earth explain
The greatness of His power.

The effulgence of His glory, who
On earth or heaven can bear?
None can endure th' o'erpowering view;
Its splendour none declare.

Where on His throne the eternal Now
Conducts each changing sphere,
Angels in deep prostration bow,
Intelligences fear,

And cherubim, with trembling wing,
Stand veiled in His sight,
While reverent they strive to sing
The praises of His might.

Archangels too, of highest mind,
And flaming seraphim;
Thrones and dominions, all combined,
Join in exalting Him.

All, all adore Jehovah God;
All, all thrice holy, cry,
Confess His power, obey His word,
And own His majesty.

But these, though high and great in might,
E'en these do fail to raise
Songs worthy Him, in whose pure sight
They stand, and bless, and praise.

For these are charg'd with folly—and
Their worship to accept
Himself God humbleth—by His hand
They all alive are kept:

Kept by His power; nay, by His free
Pure mercy they endure;
For even the heavens, so holy He,
In His sight are not pure.

II.—IF SO GREAT AND HOLY, HOW CAN DEGRADED MAN APPEAR BEFORE HIM?

If thus with these, O how may we,
Children of dust and sin,
Dare to address His majesty,
Or guilty offerings bring?

Can wretched worms presume to appear
Before the Lord most high?
Or man polluted e'er draw near
To infinite purity?

What can he bring—what shall he say
To cleanse his soul from sin?
What can he do—where is the way
That he may go therein?

How may he bow before the Lord,
Lord of the earth and sky?
Shall all the herds the vales afford
Upon His altar die?

The cattle on a thousand hills
Be paid in sacrifice?
The blood poured forth in thousand rills
Of bulls and goats suffice?

Or shall each morn His altar crown'd
With incense cloud the air?
And sweetest odours shed around,
Prevent the evening prayer?

Shall thousand milky rivers roll?
Of oil ten thousand flow?
Or children offer'd, save the soul
From sin's impending woe?

III.—MAN OF HIMSELF CAN DO NOTHING.

Ah no! for these were His alway,
Nor add unto His store;
Man cannot profit God, nor pay
But what was His before.

And all is useless—all were nought—
Yea worse than vain they be,
To cancel guilty pleasures, bought
With endless misery.

But when the door of hope was closed
To all that man could do,
Mercy and Grace, they interposed,
Fulfilling what was due;

And made a way to 'scape from wrath.
But man, alas! will he,
Left to himself, pursue the path?
No: hear his history!

And see how wrath with love combines,
All his false hopes to slay;
Grace which in utter darkness shines
Shows the diviniest ray.

IV.—MAN GUILTY THROUGHOUT.

Man, sinful man, then self-destroy'd,
Lost through iniquity;
Helpless and hopeless, wholly void
Of will or means to flee:

The prey of vice, a wretched thing,
Ripe for eternal wrath,
Gnashing of teeth, and trembling,
And agony and death,

Appear'd to God—completely vile—
For vain words without end;
For thoughts that daily did defile;
For sinful deeds condemn'd;

This his sad case, yet unconcern'd,
Blinded by unbelief,
Man nor his wretched state discern'd,
Nor saw he cause for grief;

But undismay'd, by Satan steel'd,
With self-conceit, he teemed!
With puny arm to keep the field
Against his God he deemed!

Nay, steep'd in hate, as Satan curs'd,
God's utmost wrath he'll dare!
And if o'ercome he'll brave the worst,
And all His vengeance bear!

V.—IS EXPOSED TO THE JUSTICE OF GOD.

God saw his state, and look'd around,
Nor was deliverer seen;
With saint nor angel power was found
His wrath to stand between.

Then fury Him upheld, and He
In dread array arose,
T' avenge insulted majesty,
And ease Him of His foes.

The elements He call'd around,—
At His command they came;
The skies with blackest night He bound
And gather'd round Him flame:

And down descended, vengeance clad,
While darkness, cloud and storm,
Hail, fire, and smoke, they stations had
Around His awful form—

And in his hand, uprais'd to smite,
Which just descending seem'd,
The sword of justice, lurid, bright,
In fitful flashes gleam'd.

'Tis sharpen'd on the broken law
Of high supreme command;
No mortal, when He doth it draw,
Can ere its edge withstand.

He comes with vengeance in his eye
And terror on His brow;
O man, is this thine enemy!
Then rebel, where art thou?

VI.—MAN'S DESERT.

Where but in Hell! Ah fearful now,
His tempting ally fled,
Guilt, fear and shame stamp'd on his brow,
Where may man hide his head?

Where are the dens to which to fly?
The hills to close around,
To hide from vengeance fiery eye
And still its dreadful sound?

Ye mountains fall! ye rocks enclose!
In vain alas! 'tis said;
No peace for the Almighty's foes!
They perish—thus in dread,

Expecting death, in dark despair
All trembling Him before,
Man saw the lightning's horrid glare,
And heard the thunder's roar—

He heard! the piercing chilling breath
Of vengeance name his name?
He felt! the fiery hand of death
Eternal grasp his frame?

VII.—GOD MOST MERCIFUL.

No—no! O grace! no! hurried by
Afar the tempest broke,
While near, and soft as breathed sigh,
A voice of mercy spoke

And grace—a still small voice—it came
Like sweetest melody,
Or balm that brings to tortur'd frame
Immediate remedy.

Like its own types—sight to the blind,
Reseizure from the grave,
Release unto the wretch confin'd,
Or freedom to the slave;

So did it man's condition fit;
For thus the blessed sound,
" O save from going to the pit
I have a ransom found!"

VIII.—EFFECTS ON MAN.

Astonishment—a moment's space,
Man's labouring powers confin'd;
Then all th' amazing work of grace
Rush'd on his lighten'd mind:

And he, 'erst harden'd, curs'd through sin,
Felt the blest influence,
Gliding his inmost thoughts within,
Pervading every sense.

No more esteem'd by self, to God
A willing foe no more,
He loath'd the former way he trod,
Nor saw it as before:

But felt of sin the bitter smart,
And heaved the contrite sigh;
And lifted up the broken heart,
And raised the weeping eye;

And a new creature he became,
While God thus from above
Proclaim'd the glory of His name
In accents full of love.

IX.—GOD WHILE HE CONDEMNS MAN DECLARETH HIS MERCY.

"I AM Jehovah—God, thy Lord;
The heavens and earth are Mine;
Man I created by My word,
Good, upright and divine.

Once in Mine image, fair he shone,
But sin came, and he fell;
And Me from off My lawful throne,
His heart, he did expell.

Me he degraded, set at nought,
Against My laws rebell'd;
And to have conquer'd vainly thought
By cursed pride upheld:

But can he, with an arm like Mine
Thunder in majesty?—
Man, canst thou make the lightnings shine
In paths prepar'd by thee?

No; thou art futile, and in man
Nor strength, nor wisdom lies
To guide his steps—his life a span,
He wandering sins and dies.

But, My thoughts are not his; My ways
His ways exceed, as far
As heaven doth earth, as heaven's rays
Beyond the taper's are:

Therefore, when weltering in his blood,
Unwash'd, unpitied, I
Upon his soul compassion had,
And will'd not he should die."

X.—AND HOW IN THE MEANS TAKEN FOR HIS SALVATION HIS LOVE TO HIM IS GLORIOUSLY DISPLAYED.

"So life eternal to ensure
For him, I help did lay
On One made strong,—than angels pure,
And mightier far, than they.

Who said, 'Thou would'st not sacrifice
Nor whole burnt-offering,
But lo! I come, my God to please
Myself a victim bring

To offer up, and willing am
To bear of sin the curse,
That its dominion over man
May be destroyed'—thus

The ransom has been paid, and I
Rejoice to make it known,
That Christ the living God from high
Descended—yes, My Son,

Mine equal and My fellow bore
Man's nature to redeem,
Suffered on earth and travail'd sore,
Bore scoffing, disesteem;

Became acquaint with grief and pain,
Knew anguish and dismay;
By man was mock'd, scourg'd, bruis'd and slain
In crushing Satan's sway.

Yes! He for man's eternal weal
Fought with the foe and bled,
The enemy did crush His heel,
But He the serpent's head.

Nay more! His heavenly Father too
Did with His foes combine,
And from His well-lov'd Son withdrew
His comforts for a time:

And, that lost man might see His rest
And be for ever lov'd,
Peace, light and joy, from Him the blest,
By justice were removed.

Yes, in the garden, on the tree,
His God did all remove,
That through the short-lived enmity,
Man might for ever love.

He pleaded still with tears and cries,
Withdrawn His Father's face,
His sighs, His groans, His agonies
Still supplicated grace.

He kept back nought that was desired
By justice, truth combin'd,
But all their broken laws required
He bore for humankind.

Drinking the cup of death, 'My God!
My God!' He cried; 'O why
Hast Thou forsaken me!—the rod
Of justice bared on high

He saw in answer, saw and bow'd
Obedient unto death,
'Thy will be done,' He cried aloud,
And yielded up His breath.

''Tis finish'd;—in My death,' he cried,
'Man's foe is overcome;'
'Tis finished,—the Redeemer died,
And man was ransom'd home.

For though a while within the tomb,
The gloomy tomb He lay,
He stayed but to pronounce its doom,
And pluck death's sting away.

Then burst its bands and, life re-gained,
Rose glorious from the dead;
Captive, and to His car enchain'd,
Captivity He led:

And high ascended, while a cloud
Of Angels formed His train;
Whilst thousand thousands lowly bowed
He into heaven again

Triumphant entered, and sat down
At the right hand of God,
Assumed the Mediatorial Crown,
And the all-swaying rod;

And (His supreme desire) received
Gifts for rebellious men;
The Spirit, they had often grieved,
To strive with them again.

Repentance, truth, and boundless grace,
The Gospel's blessed word;
The sight of the returning face,
The peace and joy of God."

XI.—THE FRUIT OF FAITH IN GOD'S LOVE.

"Hence learn the living way—sole road
To know that God is Love
Is Jesus Christ, the living Lord
Who pleads for Man above.

Yes, man's High Priest for man doth plead,
His intercession suits
Their every case, and saves in need;
Behold the living fruits!

Say, who are these in bright array
Who round My throne do stand,
Cloth'd in white robes that mock the day
With palms in every hand?

These wash'd their robes and made them white
In His all-cleansing blood!
Therefore they worship day and night
In temple of their God!

I dwell among them,—there is not
In any of them sin;
In them I see nor flaw, nor spot,
Wrinkle, nor such like thing.

Around My throne they glorious shine,
Rejoice and Him adore;
I am their God and they are Mine,
My sons for evermore.

My sons in Him who, ever bless'd,
Their human nature shares,
That they might enter into rest
And be with Him joint heirs:

Heirs of their God, when He the throne
Unto His Son shall give,
Which unto Him belongs alone,
With those who in Him live.

The throne of earth—which soon restor'd,
Shall own His righteous sway,
His name be over all ador'd
And evil chased away.

Hope of his saints, their crown, their rest,-
How glorious the bless'd hour
That shall His coming manifest
In majesty and power,

To rule and reign in righteousness,
His every foe subdue,
His own to raise and change and bless,
And make all things anew.

And be in saints and all admir'd,
E'en all who Him believe,
Who as their Lord, long, long desired,
With shoutings shall receive;

And ever bless'd in Him be one,
In Him for ever boast;
Adore the Father, bless the Son,
And praise the Holy Ghost!"

XII.—IS WORTHY OF RECEPTION AND RETURN, AND OF ALL ADMIRATION AND PRAISE.

And is it thus! all this for us—
Us who did thee despise!
How, O our God! for sinners thus!
Whence could the scheme arise!

Whence but of Thee, Love only could
Devise the gracious plan!
Is it of Thee, Love only would
Persist in saving man!

And who is Love? is it not true
That Thou art Love alone?
Art Thou not Love? then, Saviour, who
To man such love hast shown?

Thou, Thou art love, for Truth proclaims
That God our God is Love;
The doctrine evil spirits shames,
And joy extends above.

And all who love, they are the Lord's;
And they alone are His;
Below, to them He grace affords,
Above, their state is bliss.—

And who is Hate? is it not he
The author of all guilt,
Who wrought in man the enmity
That blood redeeming spilt?

More wicked than himself who makes
Unhappy man below,
And stamps the evil which partakes
At last of endless woe?

For devils fear and tremble too
At the pit's quenchless fire;
But man pronounceth it untrue!
And calleth God a liar!

And full of unbelief, pride, hate,
Fits himself here to dwell
With devils there; his final state,
Fear, enmity, and Hell.—

My reader hear, and fear to hate,
O fear the curse it brings;
Believe—and no more militate
'Gainst God, but 'gainst thy sins.

Own, trust His love—my heart doth burst,
Doth burn to make it known,
That every man in Him may trust,
Even in God's own Son.

Then hear His voice; Him only make
Your trust, His grace implore.
Ho! all that thirst life's waters take,
And drink, and thirst no more.

Dear reader, come! O gladly come!
To Christ thy Saviour God;
Who the good Shepherd leads men home
To His own bless'd abode.

Then in Him shalt thou live and move,
And serve and praise and love,
And all His blessed goodness prove,
With His lov'd saints above.

Lord, God, Jehovah! bless'd be Thou
For love so vast and free:
What shall we render to Thee now?
What can men give to Thee?

Lord, we will take salvation's cup,
And call upon Thy name;
And when the precious draught we sup,
Thy bleeding love proclaim.

Our bodies, souls and spirits, Lord,
We will to Thee resign;
Thou hast redeem'd them by Thy word,
All that we have is Thine.

To this end, Lord, Thy Spirit give
To guide our ways; then, then
To us it will be Christ to live,
To die eternal gain.

So would we live, so would we die,
Thus here would end our days;
Live but Thy grace to magnify,
Then die to perfect praise.

Die—in the trust, that Thou wilt raise
Our bodies from the tomb,
To join to swell the better praise
That's silent till Thou'lt come

In clouds from heaven, with all Thine own
Here by Thy Spirit seal'd,
When all Thy hidden power shall own,
And glory, then reveal'd;

When all creation shall awake
Joy's song for earth made free,
And see her, with God's sons, partake
Their glorious liberty.

O soon may Father, Spirit, Son,
The Eternal Godhead! see
Their will here as in heav'n be done
Completely, cheerfully!

DELIVERANCE FROM SIN.

"O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord."—*Rom.* vii. 24, 25.

Sin is a grievous thing, O God;
Most hateful in Thy sight;
Subjects to vengeance of Thy rod,
And leads to endless night.

It brings all under Thy dread ban;
It separates from Thee;
I feel it does; O, wretched man!
Who shall deliver me?

From its desire and dire control,
O when shall I be clean!
And by my God, upon my soul
No trace of guilt be seen?

Wash me, O God! in the blood shed
By Thine Anointed One;
Pardon my sin, and in my stead
Regard what He hath done.

O wash me clean! and give a sense
Of Thine adopting love;
Then shall my soul have confidence,
And rise to Thee above.

And I shall sing, Thanks be to Thee,
Through Jesus Christ, my Lord;
Who giveth me the victory
According to Thy word.

THE CHRISTIAN'S LOT.

"It is a faithful saying: For if we be dead with Him, we shall also live with Him: If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him: if we deny him, he also will deny us."—2 *Tim.* ii. 11, 12.

FEW Thy servants, still, O Saviour!
Faint and frail they plod their way;
Watch'd and travers'd their behaviour,
Dark their night, nor light their day.

Here, as once to Thee was meted,
Thee the pure and virgin-born;
They with calumny are treated,
Counted vile, and view'd with scorn;

But if Thou, the holy Jesus,
By the world wast lightly priz'd,
Ought it ever to displease us
By Thy foes to be despis'd?

No! for such the terms comprised,
Thankful, saints with them accord;
They must drink and be baptized,
With their Master and their Lord.

No! so be it, we will bear it:
Nor conceive the precept hard;
Light the load, when we compare it
With the exceeding great reward.

When we think that Thou, once lowly,
Now art rais'd above Thy foes ;
And that 'twas to make us holy,
Thou Thy burden didst impose.

We rejoice, and wait Thy pleasure,
Knowing that the hour draws nigh ;
When Thou, Lord, our hearts' best treasure,
Shall again descend from high.

Faith doth see the clouds of heaven,
Bear Thee on, in pomp array'd ;
Seeth all dominion given,—
All thy glorious power display'd.

Blessed day that doth await us,
When our Master shall appear,
When thy joy shall overtake us,
And for ever banish fear !

Soon Thy waiting saints assemble,
From the east and west them bring ;
Whilst Thy foes before Thee tremble,
They shall, rais'd, Thy praises sing.

Haste Thee ! haste ! Redeemer blessed,
See all nature groans in pain—
Groan she must, still be distressed,
Till her rightful Sovereign reign.

Speed Thy coming ! that creation
May Thy great deliverance see,
See the sons of God's salvation,
And partake their liberty.

Then Thy poor shall high be raised ;
Pride receive its final fall ;
Then indeed shalt Thou be praised,
As Thou shouldst be, Lord of all.

Saints shall Hallelujahs waken,
Nature give the loud amen :
Beast, False Prophet, Serpent, taken :
Holiest Saviour, come again !

LOVE TO OUR ENEMIES.

"But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you."—*Matt.* v. 44.

God of my life, in deep distress,
Degraded, crush'd, undone,
To Thee I cry, and seek redress,
From tyranny and wrong.

I ask not vengeance, but I plead
Thy mercy and Thy love,
To break the hearts that make mine bleed
And miserable prove.

Open their eyes, give them to see
The danger of their state ;
That they from wrath may seek to flee
Ere yet it be too late.

The vileness of their sin do Thou
In all its depth reveal;
Give them its consequence to know,
Its sad effects to feel.

Feel that they have themselves undone,
The apple of Thine eye
In having touch'd, Thy little one
In causing agony.

Humble them quite, O mighty Lord,
And, by Thy Spirit sent,
Convince of sin, that self-abhorr'd,
They may in dust repent.

Soon, Lord, their darken'd minds illume
With Truth's divinest ray:
Then, with Thy holy fires consume,
And melt their dross away.

Pardon their guilt, blot out their sin,
All their misdeeds erase;
New feelings plant their hearts within,
And change their froward ways.

That in their hearts love may abound,
And strife and hatred cease;
Thus glory shall to Thee redound,
And to Thy servant peace.

CHRIST HEALING THE DEAF AND DUMB.

"And they bring unto Him one that was deaf, and had an impediment in his speech; and they beseech Him to put His hand upon him: and He took him aside from the multitude, and put His fingers into his ears, and He spit, and touched his tongue; and, looking up to heaven, He sighed, and saith unto him, Ephphatha, that is, Be opened. And straightway his ears were opened, and the string of his tongue was loosed, and he spake plain."—*Mark* vii. 32–35.
"And He sighed deeply in His Spirit."—*Mark* viii. 12.

Thus, holy Saviour blest,
Ere ever time began,
Has pity from her throne, Thy breast,
Commiserated man:

Thy gentle nature sighed—
Sighed oft for sinners' thrall,
When from thy truths they turn'd aside.
Unheedful of Thy call.

O, I do weep to think
How many thus there be,
Blind, standing on destruction's brink,
And dumb to call on Thee!

My soul doth sigh to muse
How long, with deafen'd ear,
And harden'd heart, they yet refuse
To speak and see and hear.

They answer not again,
Nor unto Thee will go;
But dead in sins do still remain,
Subjects of grief and woe.

O may they yet be brought,
By those who see their case,
To Thee, and Thy assistance sought,
And Thy restoring grace!

For not in vain Thou sighed,
In viewing human grief;
All who in sorrow to Thee cried,
In Thee did find relief.

And Thou, unchanged, the same,
Still heed'st the mourner's voice
Invoking Thine all-gracious name,
And biddest them rejoice.

Lord, Thou dost know whom I
By faith do bring to Thee,
O hear on their behalf my cry,
And make them soon to see.

For them I Thee implore;
Thou—Thou canst help them, Lord;
Then be they deaf and dumb no more,
But hear and own Thy word.

O melt their hearts of stone!
Their best affections move,
Let them henceforth serve Thee alone
In faith and joy and love.

Fresh praise shall then be thine,
O Lord, our Righteousness,
To serve Thee then we'll all combine,
And ours shall be the bliss.

MOURNING AN EVIL HEART OF UNBELIEF.

Alas! my evil heart—
It drives me to dispair;
It whispers from my God to part,
And seek for good elsewhere.

At best 'tis lukewarm, faint,
In every spiritual way;
Oft 'tis as dead—my sad complaint
Is that it will not pray.

For when I strive to move,
Just like a stone it lies,
Not all the powers of fear and love
Suffice to make it rise.

Jesus, O melt or break
This heart of nether stone!
Come, quicken, cleanse, anew O make—
The power's with Thee alone.

HELL.

"Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat."—*Matt.* vii. 13.
"The rich man also died, and was buried; and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments.—*Luke* xvi. 22, 23.

Yes! Reader, yes! wide is the gate
And broad the way of sin,
Its ending proves a dreadful state,
And many fall therein.

By many a name of import dread
The second death is named ;
Destruction, hell, the prison'd bed
Of evil ones enchained :

'Tis call'd the burning fiery lake :
'Tis outer darkness known ;
O for thine own, for Jesus' sake,
Its awful prospects shun !

Let not vain unbelief create
In thee the harden'd heart,
But fear the woes that them await,
Who from their God depart.

Let infidels on earth deny,
That such a place there is :
Let other sinners quench, or fly
The doubts that mar their bliss :

Do thou believe in their abode,
Who live and die in crime,
And enter on the narrow road,
And flee the pit in time.

How can I e'er describe the place
Or dreadful woes of hell ?
Nor mortal, nor angelic race,
Have language that can tell.

God shuts up there in tenfold night
All who reject His grace ;
Far, far from thence, the Source of light
Has turn'd away His face.

There, is no love to cheer or share,
No bright hopes to allure:
Nor sympathy to soothe is there,
Nor patience to endure:

Virtue has fled the dreary place:
All that is lovely, fair,
Mercy and goodness, truth and grace,
Have no connection there.

Depriv'd of food, insatiate,
There hungry passions storm,
And the lost soul, lust, rage and hate,
Still more and more deform.

There, screams, fierce agony evince—
There, devilish tyrants reign—
And there, of terror rules the prince,
His sceptre burning pain:

There, living flames do ever wreath
Around the tortur'd form,
And there, the conscience writhes beneath
The never-dying worm.

There, quick remorse, though ceaseless known,
For no one sin atones;
'Tis there, express'd by shrieks alone,
And blasphemies and groans.

There, vengeance still prolongs each breath,
And strengthens dark despair;
There, fear is link'd to endless death—
The curse completed there.

Dear soul, if thou wouldst never know
The sinner's dire abode;
Thou must love Jesus here below,
And thou must live to God.

Then turn to Him, and know for all,
The appointed time is now;
Now, while you've life and health, now call
On Him who hears, and bow

Thy body and thine heart in dust,
Emptied of self, lie low;
Believe, receive His love and trust,
And God in Jesus know.

Enter His narrow path, and tread
The footsteps that He trod;
And bear the cross of once thy dead,
But now the living Lord;

Then shall your soul abide in peace,
And joy for sins forgiv'n;
Then shall your fears and doubtings cease,
And you be sure of heaven.—

O plead with Him who died for you,
And will not turn away;
To God with earnest fervour sue,
And thus sincerely pray.

"Father, O gather not my soul
With sinners on that day!
But let thy favour be my goal,—
My path the narrow way.

For this I name the Name Thou'st given,
Whereby men may be bless'd,
E'en Christ who died; my hopes of heaven,
In and upon Him rest.

Hear me in Him: wash with His blood,
And let Thy Spirit come
To work in me Thy will, O God,
Then take me to Thy home."

SUPPLICATION FOR GRACE.

O THAT the Lord would deign to hear
A sinner's cry, a sinner's prayer!
O that in heaven He'd lend an ear,
And grant my sighs an entrance there!

O that the Lord would melt my heart,
And cause my frozen tears to flow!
O that He would His grace impart,
And pity to a rebel show!

O that the Lord would give to me
A living faith in His free love,
The vileness of my sins to see,
The riches of His grace to prove!

O that the Lord would bless His word,
And let my trembling soul go free;
That the good Spirit with His sword,
Would separate my sins from me!

O that He would but manifest,
His power my helpless soul within,
To cleanse my thoughts, and make me rest
From pride, and vanity, and sin ;

That I may joy in God my strength,
And gladly here, renewed in mind,
Keep His commandments, and at length,
Kept by His power, salvation find!

Grant these, Almighty, and my soul
Rejoicing shall Thy grace adore;
Run the high race, attain the goal
And bless Thy name for evermore.

PRAYER FOR PEACE.

"Fulfil ye my joy, that ye be like-minded, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind. Let nothing be done through strife and vain-glory ; but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves." —*Phil* ii 2, 3.

O God of Peace, of all the life,
In whom we ever move;
Searcher of hearts: hater of strife:
Who art essential love!

We, as Thy Saints, do Thee invoke,
To come and search each breast;
To free us from contention's yoke,
And with Thy love invest.

We here confess that we have grieved
Thy Spirit by our strife,
Trusting our hearts, we've been deceived,
And chosen death for life.

'Gainst Thee we've sinn'd—in mercy spare ;
Cause us from sin to cease,
And hear, and chase away the care
That breaks our wonted peace.

O drive away from out our midst
All that doth Thee offend !
From such defend us, as Thou didst
Thy church of old defend.

And grant, that far from every heart
Dissimulation, pride,
Anger and discord may depart,
And love alone abide.

Make each to know himself, that each
To self each other may
In honour more prefer: O teach
Us deep humility.

That we may never more Thee pain,
By breaking love's pure laws ;
Nor prove a stumbling-block again
Unto Thy holy cause.

Visit us Lord, and make us cease
From all that gives offence,
Unite us in the bonds of peace,
And larger grace dispense.

For then, we shall resist or fly,
All that would lead to blame,
And then, united glorify
And ever bless Thy name.

CHRIST THE LORD.

Ever blessing, ever blest,
Christ the Lord exalted reigns,
Now secured His people's rest,
Purchase of His blood and pains.

Clothed with dust and meanly born,
He of sorrows, known to grief,
Long endur'd the scoff and scorn
Of this world of unbelief.

Tabernacled here in clay,
Lived, rejected and despis'd,
For His foes from day to day
Suffer'd, groan'd and agonized.

Agoniz'd—large drops of blood
Oused from out His tortur'd frame,
When man's substitute He stood
To endure their sin and shame.

Though of gall the bitter cup,
Love's sore test He did not shun,
But for man He drank it up,
Drank it up for us undone.

Yes; He then the fearful draught
To its very dregs did drain,
When men wagg'd their heads and laugh'd,
Mock'd, blasphem'd and curs'd His pain.

When He hung upon the tree,
When "My God my God!" He cried,
"Why hast Thou forsaken me!"
When He bow'd His head and died,—

Died—that full the double stream
From His pierced side might fall,
Which alone could us redeem
From vile sin's oppressive thrall.

Was it so! then how can we
Feel unmoved at all His woe?
If by faith His death we see
We will unto Jesus go;

And will Him our Lord confess,
Trust in Him for us who died,
Love, receive, admire and bless
As our Lord, the crucified;

And with penitential groans
Own our worthlessness and guilt,
Plead His passion which atones,
Plead His blood for sinners spilt.

Lord, we plead, we seek, we pray,
Listen to our humble prayer;
We trust—O cast us not away,
But let us Thy blessings share.

Grant us faith in Thy pure love,
In Thy merits, blood and cries;
Till by Thee we're rais'd above;
Till we meet Thee in the skies.

That we may the power show
Of Thy grace unto us given;
Shine as burning lights below,
And lead others to Thy heaven;

That we here may glory give,
To the Father, Spirit, Son;
And with God for ever live,
Where His people all are one.

Where He'll gather who are His,
All who served Him in their day;
Where their perfect, boundless bliss.
None can ever take away.

Praise be then to Him who died.
All this blessing to bestow;
To the Lamb who doth provide,
More than man can ever know,

For all those who Him confess,
During the usurper's reign;
Who His Spirit here possess
And count His reproach their gain.

Praise unto the Father, who
His loved Son for us hath given;
Praise be to the Spirit too;
Praise to God here as in Heaven.

RECEIVING THE WORD.

Receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls."

THY holy word, Lord God of truth,
My council I will make;
As guide and safe-guard to my youth,
Thy precepts I will take:

And treasure up within my heart,
Where, as a cleansing spring,
They'll sanctify my every part,
And me to freedom bring.

No more a fancied righteousness
Of doubtful works I boast,
When seen my sin I felt distress,
Knew, felt that I was lost.

Taught by the Spirit of my God,
In His revealed word,
My trust and hope is in the blood
And merits of the Lord.

Now, O my Lord, in Thee I live,
Thy word doth guide me true;
And faith Thy gift to me, doth give,
What works could never do.

With righteousness Thou givest peace,
To cheer Thine on their way;
Their light shall as the dawn increase
Unto the perfect day.

Still may Thy grace on me bestow
The gifts Thy Saints receive;
Such blessings from Thy precepts flow;
Help Lord! I them believe.

MEDITATION,

AN ALLEGORICAL ODE.

Come Meditation, bide
With my toss'd soul again,
Come, with Devotion by thy side,
And o'er my wayward thoughts preside,
And from earth's scenes restrain,
Its joys and gloom,
My treacherous heart,
Which, chang'd or not, to the still tomb
Must soon depart.

Once, when vain worldly care
Plung'd my toss'd soul in night,
And drove it on to dark dispair,
Warn'd by thy voice it viewed the snare
And sicken'd at the sight;
And turn'd away
In deep disgust,
And mourn'd its vile and selfish way,
Low in the dust.

Then, earthly pleasures seem'd
As very vanity,
When mid the numerous thoughts that teem'd
From Memory's cell, before me beam'd,
The sad profanity
Of my past life
In vision clear,
And sins, as motes in sun-beam rife,
Thick, did appear.

Thus humbled still I'd lie:
Again in dust recline;
For then, Peace, which earth can't supply
To the most favour'd votary
That worships at her shrine,
The soul obtains,
And finds relief
In groaning o'er its very stains,
Sincere in grief.

Return then, with me stay,
Nor let me walk by sight;
Return, and with thy breath alway
Kindle Devotion's lamp, whose ray
Shall guide my steps aright,
E'en to the Cross,
Where I do learn
To count earth's joys but dung and dross—
And Christ discern.

'Tis there my sinful soul
By thy blest influence led,

Would turn as needle to the pole,
And all its sins by faith would roll
On Jesus' blessed head;
Who died that I,
My sins forgiven,
Should live to Him, to sin should die,
And reach His heaven.

Then help me to reflect,
And ever with me dwell;
Come now, and all my thoughts collect,
And fix on Christ—teach to reject
The vain—the bad expell—
And well to weigh
Each chastened word
And act, that glory ever may
Be to the Lord.

Such is thy power, if bless'd
With blessing from the Lord,
For then, through Thee, man's mind depress'd,
And torn, by worldly cares possess'd,
Is quicken'd and restor'd;
Soon may I prove
Thy blessed aid,
And to my Lord, the God of Love,
Praise shall be paid.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

'He which testifieth these things, saith, surely I come quickly; Amen, even so come, Lord Jesus."—*Rev.* xxii. 20.

THE Lord doth come,—sinners awake!
His vengeance draweth nigh!
The Lord doth come—now grace partake,
His offer'd grace, or die.

Now, while you may, His mercy prize—
Kiss while you may, the Son;
Before His quenchless anger rise,
Or ere thy course be run.

The Lord doth come—ye slumbering saints
Arise and Him receive!
Quick, put away each thing that taints
The soul, and Him doth grieve.

Hark! cries the midnight silence break,
The Bridegroom comes—prepare
His marriage supper to partake,
And feast with Jesus there.

The Bridegroom cometh—now of grace
Secure a plenteous store;
Soon must ye stand before His face,
Your Lord is at the door.

The Lord doth come—saints, sinners hear;
And His command obey,
Work your salvation out with fear,
And wait and watch and pray.

Lord Jesus, come!—Thy victory near,
Our dearest hopes employ;
Hasten the time, O quick appear!
And crown these hopes with joy.

AN EVENING HYMN.

Once more, I lay me down to sleep,
Am spared again mine eyes to close:
O God, the Lord, from ills me keep,
And grant me safe and sweet repose.

Have I ere laid a thankless head,
On pillow, product of Thy care;
Nor thought that God watch'd o'er my bed;
Nor deemed that Thou wert with me there?

Have I ere slumber'd, slept secure,
Unblest, unreconcil'd to Thee?
Was Christless, naked, blind and poor,
And madly reckless thus to be?

Alas too oft! but O what speech
Of love unspeakable can tell!
For still I woke within the reach
Of grace, not (as deserv'd) in hell!

Now God, my slumbering soul alarm:
Arouse my spiritual powers within;
Arise, and break at once the charm,
The hateful, deadly charm of sin.

Give me its danger now to see:
To feel its heavy yoke, O give:
That weary, laden I may flee
To Jesus' cross, find rest and live.

Receive me Jesus, set me free
On me Thy Holy Spirit pour:
Help me to give myself to Thee,
And never grieve Thy Spirit more.

When I have chosen, known, confess'd,
And loved Thee as my all in all;
Then—not till then, may I have rest,
And sleep upon mine eyelids fall.

I'll ne'er again unblest lie down,
But first be reconcil'd to God:
And thus obtain the peace unknown,
The purchase of my Saviour's blood.

So shall my rest be safe as sweet,
For then through grace it will be given,
Should death at midnight hour me meet,
To wake, and be with Christ in heaven.

Thus may it be with all mankind;
Saviour of sinners, show Thy grace,
Be every heart to Thee inclin'd,
Each creature brought to see Thy face.

May Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our God, the glorious Trinity,
Be prais'd by men and heav'n's high host,
Now, and throughout Eternity.

REVERIE ON A DESERTED BURYING-GROUND.

Before me are spread, in rapid decay,
Tombs, tombs of the dead, fast crumbling away;
Dome, pillar and spire, flag, head-stone and fane,
Here prove the desire of friendship was vain;

Of love too, or pride, that thus still would crave
For those who have died, a name in the grave.
Alas! of no use the heaps they have pil'd;
Time hears of no truce, their hopes are beguil'd;

And now nought is seen to note who was prais'd:
In vain we would glean for whom they were rais'd—
Each pleader for fame, is here so defac'd,
That age, sex or name no more can be trac'd;

For marble and stone, their trust have betrayed,
And fail to make known who sleep in their shade.—
Yet though nought is left of what they once told,
Though Time has bereft their power to unfold,

The morals but read more vividly plain,
Which tells to the dead, distinctions are vain;
Their sleep is too deep to feel slight or shame,
Nor heed they the heap, that's rais'd to their fame—

So here rich and poor, the foe and the friend,
The gay and demure, together do blend;
Whate'er was the tie, whate'er was their line,
Here levell'd they lie, and mix and combine.

Thus in the mere tomb man's fate is the same;
Mould, worms consume each perishing frame.
Equality donn'd, to the grave we descend,
But what is beyond ? or is this our end ?

No ! conscience untaught, so God has decreed,
Rejects the dark thought, as sinful indeed ;
And what remain'd still to nature concealed,
He hath in His will most clearly revealed.

Then though in the dust these lie side by side,
Not all in their trust alike do abide.
By faith, who had gone to the Saviour's grave,
And mov'd the great stone that sealed the cave,

Did let in a gleam of hope to the tomb,
Which lightened the scene, and scatter'd the gloom.
Such sleep in the faith of Jesus, their Lord,
Believed what he saith, and trusted His word;

They rest them in peace—for them death is gain ;
Now found a release from sin, care and pain,
They feel, with the foe the conflict is o'er,
And happy they know, he'll grieve them no more.

No more shall they sigh by sorrow distress'd,
No more will they cry by the wicked oppress'd:
Remov'd are their fears, their moanings are hush'd,
Wiped away are their tears—their enemies, crush'd.

Shall, rampant in might, ne'er again meet their view,
No more shall afright, nor their footsteps pursue ;
Nor more pain their ears with boastings of pride,
Nor again cause their tears to flow as a tide—

They shall never again hear of sorrow, the moans,
Nor of anguish and pain, the cryings and groans;
For safe under ground, the valley's soft clods
Gently close them around; beneath its sweet sods

They have pillowed their heads, secured from their foes;
How soft are their beds! how sweet their repose!
Each peacefully hush'd, compos'd each to rest;
Earth owneth the trust, and takes to her breast;—

Of each calmly sleeps, the treasur'd up clay,
Which Christ himself keeps unto His great day;
Their day of reward, of their evils the end,
When a shout shall be heard, and their Lord shall descend;

When Lord over all, He shall Himself come,
With the trumpets loud call, to burst the still tomb;
When all those who slept in hope of that hour,
Whose relics were kept by His mighty power,

That power shall confess, made alive from the dead,
That great power shall bless, and rise as their Head,
Who then shall command to gather his blest
From each every land on the earth—the behest

His Angels shall hear, and speed them away,
Through earth far and near, too glad to obey
The blest order given, and haste to collect,
From the four winds of heav'n his members elect.

Then the dead rais'd in power, the living ones chang'd,
Shall never be more from each other estrang'd:
But together be caught to meet Christ in the air,
Together be brought, His glory to share—

To see Satan hurl'd in shame from his throne,
And the purified world its rightful King own:
To reign with their Lord, on this earth restor'd,
And with one accord, see His name adored:

His temple their home: in the light of His face,
Through the ages to come, to show forth His grace:
Chang'd, fitted, made meet, to be as He is;
In Him made complete, made perfect in bliss:

Yea, with Him in bliss evermore to abide:
Their blest lot is this, who with Christ have died.
To the grave such have come, here but to be blest!
Thus is it with some, not so with the rest.

Alas! there are those, poor children of Pride,
Who here are God's foes—who better had died
On the day they were born, yea, never had birth,
Than have lived but to scorn His grace upon earth.

Some, who most unwise, most verily fools,
Were the father of lies, e'en the Evil One's tools;
In whom he fulfilled the whole of his will,
And afterwards killed, and killeth them still.—

No rest doth he give,—fast bound in his chains,
Though dead, yet they live to torment and pains.
Now ended their peace, commenc'd now their woe,
Their groans shall ne'er cease, their tears ever flow—

They shall never see light, eternally doom'd,
But in blackness of night be ever entomb'd
In that dreadful place where Satan doth dwell;
O far, far from grace, are heard in His hell,

Shrieks, gnashing and cries, from the torment he gives!
Whose worm never dies, whose fire ever lives—
This the portion and lot, of all who him served;
They sowed, and they've got the harvest deserv'd.—

Such through unbelief despis'd the Lord's aid,
And lie here in grief and darkness dismayed.
For just as men lived, just as they have died;
Just as they believed, or as they denied

Christ's right and His laws, His gospel of grace,
Shew'd love to His cause, or shunned His face;
Their doom shall be read, and sentence be given,
In hell to feel dread, or pleasure in heaven.—

Then wisdom doth dwell in fear of the Lord,
Who would 'scape from hell must trust in His word:
Nor hold it in part, but all must receive,
And with the whole heart the truth must believe:

Must count all things dross, when with Christ compared,
Must take up their cross, nor let sin be spared,
Nor quarter 'ere give, war's flag once unfurl'd,
For eternity live, and not for the world.

Tombs thus call aloud—O hear not in vain!
Join not folly's crowd, nor mix in her train;
Nor list to her voice, nor feast at her board;
Thy life is the price—who life can afford?

Then flee while there's time, time hangs on a breath,
Hesitation is crime, rejection is death!
In time strive to save your soul, while you may,
For in the dark grave there's no time to pray;

There—there is no change, repentance too late,
For there all remains as fixed as fate.—
Now listen, my soul, and say what is fame?
Consisteth the whole in a mere empty name?

No—fame is a truth, a solid reward,
Immortal in youth, eternally heard;
But there is a shade which mortals mistake,
And though still betray'd, their portion would make:

A fast dying sound they love to misname,
And though vanity found, still reckon it fame.
Fame's not in the breath by man to man paid,
Such leaves them in death, affording no aid;

Far less in the pile, though rais'd high and broad;
No—'tis in the smile approving of God.
He only is famed, who, reaching His throne,
Is victor proclaimed and conqueror known;

Who has run the high race, attained the goal,
And, faithful through grace, has saved his soul.—
To see my vile name, through the grace of my God,
In the book of the Lamb, writ, seal'd with His blood—

To have his "well done" recorded on high,
Be owned as His son throughout the whole sky—
This—this is true fame, vast, deathless and bright,
Which all may attain, who walk in His light—

O, then shall not I give up my short time
In striving to die to sin and to crime?
If here it doth seem I alone can repent,
And strive to redeem my moments mispent;

If here 'tis alone that I may find Truth,
And through Him atone for sins of my youth ;
If the Spirit on earth, here only will strive,
And give the new birth, and keep me alive ;

If time's a mere breath, on which all depends,
And if with my death, all room for change ends ;
I will not delay in seeking God's face.
But instantly pray for mercy and grace.

For mercy to spare, for free grace to win
My soul from dispair, my heart from its sin—
I've served sin till now, I'll serve it no more ;
But now to Thee bow, and from Thee implore

Full pardon of sin, to blot out my guilt,
To cleanse me within, and let me be built
On that blessed Rock, which only can save
My soul in the shock of death's stormy wave.

Lord Jesus, my life, Thou great Lord of all,
Resurrection and life, await but Thy call ;
Thou alone can'st release from mortality's breath,
Who alone hast the keys of Hades and death.

O, look from above, Thy weak servant see,
And perfect Thy love—the faith got from Thee,
Still hourly increase throughout my short span,
And make me to cease from trusting in man,

Who, a shadow, doth flee and passeth away ;
But looking to Thee, may I watch, fear and pray,
And never abuse Thy gifts unto ill,
But each talent use in speeding Thy will.

Of Thy Spirit O give more than Thou hast given;
And help me to live to Thee as in heaven:
To live to Thy praise, and serve Thee below
Until Thou me raise, and on me bestow

Thy long promis'd rest, eternal, divine,
And with life invest immortal as Thine;
My trust is in Thee, Lord, henceforth be mine!
The grace be to me, the praise shall be Thine.

SUPPLICATION.

To Thee, O God! to Thee,
In my distress, I make my humble prayer!
On me, O God, on me,
Do Thou look down, and in Thy mercy spare!

For they, for they my foes,
Lay snares, and toils, and pitfals in my road;
Yes they, e'en they propose
To slay me quite, in spite of Thee, my God.

"Tush, tush," they taunting say,
"He heedeth not howe'er you may complain;
Call, call upon Him, pray:
And call, and pray, and cry, and weep in vain.

For we, for we are strong,
And you are mean, and spiritless, and poor;
To us, to us belong
Vengeance and wrath, and we will make them sure."

Lord, hear, good Lord, now hear
Their blasphemies and boastings against Thee,
And God, my God, draw near,
And save me, needy, from their enmity.

For Thou, alone, yes Thou
Alone canst keep me from destruction, Lord;
To Thee, to Thee I bow,
Arise and save according to Thy word.

For then, yes then, Thy name
My foes shall fear, nor longer set at nought;
And I, I shall proclaim
Thee as a God, who not in vain art sought.

Arise! arise! to those,
Thy wisdom, power, and goodness, soon display;
Then, then my taunting foes
Shall fear to offend, and from me turn away.

Yes they, e'en they may turn,
And from Thee mercy, pardon may implore:
With shame, deep shame may burn,
And penitent, against Thee sin no more.

This grant, O grant, Thou good
And gracious answerer of faithful prayer!
All, all through Jesus' blood,
Cleanse for thy service, and for heaven prepare.

So praise, praise shall be thine,
Angels and saints to Thee fresh anthems raise,
When these, e'en these combine
With all Thy people, to show forth Thy praise.

THE COMING OF THE LORD.

Lord God, Thy name, I would adore,
In whom I live and move,
And as Thy child now bow before
Thy throne of grace and love.

O from that high and holy throne,
Do Thou my claim regard!
For in the name of Christ, Thy Son,
I only would be heard.

O send the Spirit of the Lord,
To help me now to pray,
To make me know Thy will and word,
And teach me what to say.

What shall I say, O Thou most High!
For I have sinned sore;
'Gainst Thee I've sinn'd, O hear my cry
Thy mercy I implore.

My guilt, O Lord, I here confess,
With loathing and with shame;
I sinn'd even when I did profess,
And named Thy holy name.

But, O have mercy on my soul,
And pardon all my sin;
Free me from its abhorr'd control,
And plant Thy grace within.

According to Thy promise give,
To me a heart renewed,
Visit my soul and bid me live,
And be with power endued.—

Power, by Thy Spirit to expell
All that's unclean and vile ;
To cast out all the powers of hell,
And all its projects spoil.

Cause me to live to Him who died,
Died once, but rose again,
And ever liveth, to provide
Grace for rebellious men.

Henceforth in Christ whate'er betide,
May I be freed from blame,
Don the pure garments of the bride,
And doff the rags of shame.

And wait His coming, promised long,
And seeming long delayed ;
His coming, with His saintly throng,
In majesty arrayed ;

To claim His own, and punish who
Will not His truth obey,
Who reckon'd all His threats untrue,
And would not watch nor pray.

They are deceived—Thou tarriest not,
Thy day is swift as sure ;
But, who will then be without spot ?
Thy day who may endure ?

O by Thy Spirit and Thy Word,
Me for that day prepare!
Come in the clouds, come quickly, Lord,
And I shall meet Thee there.

SUPPLICATION.

Oft have I sinn'd, and often too,
Repenting been restored;
Daily I sin, and daily do
Confess my sin deplored.

Sinning, repenting, sinning still,
I hide my head for shame,
And groan beneath a stubborn will,
A will I cannot tame.

O I am weak! Thy love seems lost
On my vile callous heart;
By whose unfeeling acts is crost,
The grace Thou wouldst impart.

I've proved myself, and only found
A compost of deceit;
In me pride, vanity abound,
Weakness and meanness meet.

By self undone,—unless Thy grace,
Endure for ever, Lord,
It cannot reach my helpless case,
Nor aid to me afford.

But, Thou art God,—Thy name proclaimed
Is Goodness, Mercy, Love,
To help Thou'lt never be ashamed
Who would Thy mercy prove.

Therefore I trust, though thou dost slay
'Twill be in hidden grace;
Though long may prove my darkened day,
I'll trust to see Thy face.

But shall it long be thus, O Lord?
When, when shall I be free?
When shall I cease in deed and word,
And thought to sin 'gainst Thee?

How long! how very long 'tis since
The course I did begin!
O that Thy Spirit would convince
Me once for all of sin!

And to my lighten'd mind disclose,
Christ's righteousness divine;
And judgment dealt upon my foes,
Thy foes, O Lord and mine!

Now wash away my stains, create
Within me a new heart,
And in my low and lost estate,
Thy gracious love impart.

Nor let presumptuous sins again
Me to subjection bring,
But Thy weak servant Lord restrain
From every evil thing.

Keep me from secret faults, and give
Me grace to sin no more,
That I may to Thy glory live,
Here, and for evermore.

PRAYER FOR RENEWING GRACE.

Lord of all grace, my stubborn heart
Still strives against Thy will;
Refuses with its sins to part,
And loves its idols still;
And tries, though vainly, every art
To screen the cherished ill;

For daily does my conscience say,
That all's not right within;
Thy Holy Spirit every day,
Convinces me of sin.
O God of mercy, now I pray,
Thy work of grace begin!

And the strong chords asunder burst
That hold me in control:
The weights that bear me to the dust
From off my spirit roll:
Recall me from all worldly lust,
And cleanse my recreant soul.

Lord, Thou alone the work canst do;
Say then "Let there be light."
And as the countless morning dew,
Engender'd by dark night,
My sins remove, my soul renew,
That I may bless Thy might;

For still creating power is Thine,
O then for Jesus' sake,
May Thy might, grace, and love combine,
Me a new man to make!
The blessing, blessed Lord, be mine;
Do Thou the glory take.

THE MERCY OF GOD.

Father in heaven, hear my moan,
Regard my sighs and grief;
Enslaved to a heart of stone,
A heart of unbelief;
Which daily seems more callous grown,
And hard, beyond belief.

Lord, did not still Thy gracious ways,
Thee merciful declare,
As when Thy Son, a child of days
Became, the lost to spare,
And died and rose them to upraise
From sin and from dispair;

I'd long ere this in sinning more,
Fill'd up my cup of guilt,
Disown'd the efficacious power,
Of blood for sinners spilt,
And perish'd, trusting in a tower
Of works, on loose sand built;

As Thy long-suffering still doth keep
My soul from nether hell;
So teach my stony heart to weep
Its sins, which, O, expell,
With its old lords into the deep!
And in their place come dwell.

For Jesus' sake I ask this grace:
Thou hearest Him alway:
He pleadeth with Thee face to face:
O then unto me say,
Thy every sin I do efface,
Go, I have heard thee pray!

HAPPINESS.

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, &c Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? &c."—*Isa* lv 1, 2

O God, who form'd me from the clay,
By Thine almighty power;
Whose mercy spares me day by day,
Whose goodness crowns each hour!

At Thy great name my soul I bow,
Do Thou my heart incline;
Teach me to lift it up, and how
To seek Thy face divine.

Without the teaching of Thy word,
My suit I can't prepare;
Without Thy Spirit's working, Lord,
I cannot urge my prayer.

Of self the weakness I avow,
To Thee I cannot rise;
Yet for Thy holy worship now,
My spirit solemnize.

Thy Spirit give, Thy word bestow,
To quicken what is dead;
And make my lukewarm spirit glow
With love to Thee my Head.

Jesus, with shame and sore distress,
My by-gone life is seen;
With self-abasement, I confess
How vile my ways have been;

How I have constantly misused
Thy love which me preserved;
And how I wantonly abused
Thy mercies undeserved.

Lord, I would sin no more! create
Within me a new heart;
From all my sins me separate:
I would from them depart.

Now take away the love of sin;
Remove what yet remains,
Of guilt and ignorance within,
And wash away my stains.

And for Thy service sanctify
My spirit, body, soul;
And ever work in me that I
May have them in control.

So that Thy name be hallowed still,
In all I say or do;
And all my thoughts, heart, mind and will,
Be righteous, pure and true.

For Thou wouldst have me holy prove,
As Thou my Saviour art,
And meekly learn of Thee Thy love,
And lowliness of heart.

For as our Father perfect is,
So must His children be;
Who would partake the blessedness
Must follow only Thee.

Now, be it so—my prayer hear,
Remove my sore distress;
And keep me in Thy love and fear,
For this is happiness.

THE HEAVENLY CITY.

"And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, &c."—*Rev.* xxi. 2.

O KNOW ye the city where saints ever sing
The praises and glory of Jesus their King;
The land of delight, where in harmony move
The souls of the just, there made perfect in love?

I know it! I know it! and call it my home,
And trust there to spend all the ages to come:
'Tis my hope and my stay, my soul's chief delight,
My solace by day, and my vision by night.

O soon I would see it descending in light,
The bless'd new Jerusalem, holy and bright!
How great its salvation, its glory how great;
How mighty and high, how exalted its state!

Enraptur'd, the blessed there constantly view,
Each, all that is beautiful, lovely and true;
Nothing there can defile, there nought can alarm;
There nought can distress, there nothing can harm.

For banish'd for ever are sorrows and fears,
Pain, sickness and care, grief, sighings and tears;
And death with its terrors, the grave with its sting;
Foul sin with its horrors, and each evil thing.

To be what God promises—all, all, received,
What ear never heard, nor man's heart ere conceived;
What never to mere mortal eye shall appear,
The good there prepar'd for Christ's followers here.

To sit on His throne and rule with Him there,
To partake of His joy, His glory to share,
Be heir of His kingdom, a priest of His word,
A joint-heir with Jesus, a king with the Lord.

To see His salvation, be called God's son,
To know all His children and with them be one,
With martyrs, apostles and prophets to shine,
In beauty of holiness, godly, divine.

To be as His angels, fulfilling His will,
To minister good, to protect from all ill,
To tell of His mercies and teach His pure love,
And show forth the blessings of heaven above.

To see the whole earth live in fear of the Lord,
Filled full of the knowledge of His blessed word;
Its peace, as a full-flowing river to see,
And its righteousness spread as the waves of the sea.

All, all to enjoy—far beyond angel's ken,
The good and the glory prepared for men!
Which offered to man, in Christ Jesus is given,
To all who believe and strive rightly for heav'n.

O who would neglect it, the promised reward?
Fools only reject it—God will not award
Its blessings to such, but justly instead,
His wrath and His vengeance shall heap on their head.

O would you the city see where the bless'd sing!
Then learn here to love and to honour its King;
And you shall possess it when hence you remove,
And share the great glory of those who Him love.

GOD IS LOVE.

"He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love."—1 *John* iv. 8

O BREADTH immense! O depths profound!
Length, height, all thought above!
Listen, O men, the Gospel's sound
Proclaiming God is Love!

O selfish world, that hating lies,
Let this your interest move,
And seek to feel the joy it gives
To know that God is Love!

Ye saints arise, and give Him praise,
And far from sin remove;
With reverent fear thanksgivings raise,
And joy that God is Love.

In all the works of Him 'twas shown
Who our best friend doth prove;
Who left His heavenly Father's throne
To show us God is Love.

For us He offered groans and cries,
Which God did still approve;
His blood, His death, His agonies,
All told that God is Love.

And now His purchas'd gift doth tell,
The Holy Ghost, the Dove,
Who for His sake with us doth dwell,
Doth witness God is Love.

Praise then His name, O men, and join
The heavenly hosts above,
In lauding, blessing, Love divine—
God—God alone, is Love!

THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

The Saviour's love! amazing theme!
Beyond created thought
To tell the wonders of the scheme
That love unbounded wrought.

'Tis high! 'tis deep! what can you know?
Its length who can declare?
How vast its breadth! where'er you go,
The Saviour's love is there.

The Saviour's blood! immense profound,
Too deep for angel's ken;
Within whose shoreless depths are drown'd
The guilt and fears of men!

The tainted soul in this pure blood
Who washes, still shall find,
Emerging from the crimson flood,
He leaves his sins behind.

The Saviour's grace! O rich display,
Of an exhaustless store!
Sweet stream that holds resistless sway,
Free flowing evermore.

What full refreshing draughts it gives!
Who of the living tide
Partakes, thirsts not again, but lives,
And shall in strength abide.

Lord, let Thy grace, Thy blood, Thy love,
My portion be below;
That I may reach Thy throne above,
And their perfection know.

DEATH OF THE COVETOUS MAN—AN IDOLATER.

"Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for the miseries that shall come upon you."—*James* v. 1.

"Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth—and covetousness, which is idolatry."—*Col.* iii. 5.

"Death's seal's on my brow and scorches my brain,
Then tell me not now of riches and gain;
For scenes of the past but add to my pain,
And teach me at last, earth's treasures are vain.
And not only vain, to horrors they tend—
It drives me insane to think of their end;
For death and his train bear close on their track,
And note all as slain who bear their dread mark.

"Both early and late I harbour'd mistrust,
Suppressed love and hate, for gold, my sole trust;
Yea, slaved till I sold my all for the lust,
And now, when untold, I've heap'd it as dust,
Fear, pain and disgust are given for joy,
O God, He is just, and strong to destroy!
And now gold, I must eternally feel,
Corroding as rust corrodes into steel.

"Ah me! self-deceived, to make God a liar:
He was not believed when He denounc'd his ire
On all those who sought from Him to retire
By making here ought but Him their desire.
Now, He doth require my soul unrenewed,
Which chose filthy mire and His grace refused;
And now, vengeance dire for me lost remains,
Revealed in fire and darkness and chains."

Thus tossing from pain with terror oppress'd,
A rich man in vain, when dying confess'd;
It was not because he riches possess'd,
It was that his cause on them he did rest.
For them he'd express'd unwarranted praise,
And for them digress'd from God's holy ways;
Ah! be thou distrest at his awful state,
And fear in time lest you meet with his fate!

If poor be thy lot, of riches beware,
O covet them not, they'll prove but a snare!
If riches be thine, still use them with prayer,
For this root of crime, this parent of care,
The Scriptures declare have thousands destroy'd,
And that those are rare who right have employ'd;
Be wise then, nor spare to cry to the Lord,
That of riches thy share, and thy portion be God.

A FAMILY HYMN.

Son of God—good, righteous, holy!
Upon Thee we humbly call;
And to Thee sincerely, wholly,
We do didicate our all.

Give us, now, Thy mind, O Saviour;
Grant us wisdom in Thy sight;
Grant us in our whole behaviour,
To show forth Thy gospel light;

Then we'll pray aright for others,
And ourselves the blessing prove;
Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,
That they all may taste Thy love.

Pity those whose minds are darken'd,
Nor as yet have known Thy grace,
To Thy word who have not hearken'd,
Nor as yet have sought Thy face;

O expell with Thy bright beaming,
Quick their ignorance within!
That they may, Thy grace esteeming,
Cease from grieving Thee through sin.

Those who know Thee now, O strengthen
Keep them in Thy love and peace;
Their days of blissful duty lengthen,
And their usefulness increase.

In Thy works Thy love still tendeth,
To draw wretched man to Thee;
Nought can bound it, it extendeth
Far and wide, to th' utmost sea.

It doth the great harvest whiten,
It doth labourers dispense,
To work, until the full ears ripen,
Under its blest influence.

O be with such, in all nations,
Making known Thy Gospel call;
Look upon them, in all stations,
Bless their teachings, Lord of all!

Be their strength, their shield, their tower,
With success their labours crown,
Send the dews, O send the shower
Of Thy Holy Spirit down.

Finish, quick, their time of bearing
Forth with tears the precious seed;
Grant that soon the fruit appearing,
May be reap'd with joyful speed.

Soon Thy Saints together gather,
Purified from all alloy;
Here they serve Thee, but they'd rather
Enter on their Master's joy!

Soon Thy Church complete, and make her
Shine in glory, as the sun;
Evidenc'd to all, partaker
Of the victory Thou hast won.

Bare Thine arm and show Thy power,
Rise in majesty divine;
Haste the time, O haste the hour,
When all glory shall be Thine.

Come, Lord, to Thy saints endeared,
Hear Thy longing people pray;
Hark their call, O Saviour hear it,
Hasten on Thy glorious day.

Come, for all things now are ready;
Groans the earth without, within;
From men and Satan's shocks unsteady,
All things groan, all things but sin!

Speed then, speed, thyself discover,
Armed with might, with power array'd-
Chase her foes and quick recover
The pristine good she once displayed.

From destruction her deliver;
From bad men and Satan free;
Make her peace flow as a river,
Her righteousness spread as the sea.

Come then, come, Desire of nations,
Quick Thy promises fulfil;
Soon free earth from desolations,
And Thy people from all ill.

Millions then, Lord, shall adore Thee;
Myriads own Thy lasting sway;
Tribes and nations bow before Thee;
Languages Thy power display.

And all earth as one great being,
Raise joy's grateful voice to Thee;
And all heaven, Thou great All-seeing,
Joy to hear the harmony.

THE HARP OF THE LORD.

"How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"—*Psa.* cxxxvii. 4.

"And they sing the song of Moses, the servant of God and the song of the Lamb."—*Rev.* xv. 3.

PART I.

Where is the Harp, inspir'd,
Oft swept in days of yore?
Though long and ardently desired,
'Tis heard no more.

The holy harp remains,
But where's the heaven-taught hand
Can re-awake the slumbering strains,
  Of Judah's land ?

Israel's sweet minstrel, taught
By heaven its strains profound,
Touched its seal'd chords, divinely fraught
  With sweetest sound.

The ancient prophets woke
Its varied notes sublime,
When, full of fire, inspired they spoke
  Of coming time.

But now the gift is lost,
The Harp no longer strung,
As a vain thing aside is tost,
  Its strains unsung.

When shall it wake again ?
When sin has ceased to sway,
When crime and sorrow, death and pain
  Have pass'd away.

Then shall the saints prolong,
Skilful, its golden lays;
And all enraptured sing the song
  Of former days.

Again the song they'll sing,
Of Moses and the Lamb,
Again they'll sing of Him the King,
  The great I AM.

Then shall have ceased its moans,
Its lamentations o'er :
Its sorrowful and wailing tones
  Be heard no more.

But O, each joyful note,
Shall then be heard on high,
Clear shall they swell, and spread, and float,
  Through earth and sky !

Jesus, Thou Prince of Peace,
O haste these glorious days,
When Israel's harp shall never cease
  Its songs of praise !

PART II.

My Lord, shall I be there
When joy its strains inspires ?
And does my muse me now prepare
  For heavenly choirs ?

And wilt Thou then transform,
From faults and failures free,
The stammerings of an earthly worm
  Who lisps to Thee ?

And skill, and light transfuse,
Beyond what mortals know,
Into my weak and labouring muse,
  Heard faint below ?

Shall she perfection see,
Till then unheard, untold,
And join perfection's minstrelsy
  On harp of gold?

O tell me, Thou, who died
For me upon the cross!
Shall she then, cleans'd and purified
  From earthly dross,

With clear undazzl'd sight
And strength Thou wilt inspire,
Soar with unfetter'd eagle flight,
  On wings of fire?

Fervid, enrapt, all zeal,
Far heaven-ward shall she tower,
And manifest, and deeply feel
  Thy Spirit's power;

Bursting into such song
As angels love to hear,
Strains, which to saints alone belong,
  Meet for Thine ear?

Lord, give me then to raise
Unfading songs of joy,
And my rapt powers in Thy pure praise,
  Alone t' employ.

O to be honour'd so
With the blest hosts above!
Even as I would show forth below
  Thy perfect love.

Keep, keep me to this end!
For if that Thou hast given
On earth unto Thy glory tend,
It shall in heaven!

Till then, I wait and use
The talent in Thy fear;
Till then, my feeble unfledged muse
Shall serve Thee here.

THE CHURCH'S PRAYER FOR VENGEANCE ON THE LORD'S ENEMIES.

"And they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost Thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?" —*Rev.* vi. 10.

Where is the God of vengeance? where?
When will the time draw nigh,
When Thou, O God, shalt loud declare
Thy glorious majesty?

Evil exults, and sin, set free,
Walks the wide world around,
And daily pride and vanity
Do more and more abound.

The whole creation feels the load,
And crieth, Lord, how long
Shall earth continue the abode
Of violence and wrong?

How long shall every sin prevail,
And virtue hide ashamed?
How long shall slander her assail,
And vice remain unblamed?

See how men boast their acts of shame,
And shameless gain applause!
They loud blaspheme Thy holy name,
And scorn Thy holy laws!

"Where is His promise?" scoffers say,
"We see no signs appear;
Your Lord His coming doth delay:
There is no cause for fear.

"All things remain as at the first,
And will for ages still;
This world's too good to be accurs'd:
'Tis getting freed from ill.

"It groweth better day by day,
For science, wisdom, skill,
Knowledge and power in fair array
Progress, and ever will.

"Until this earth one blaze of light
Their influence shall own,
And, filled with all that's beauteous, bright,
Becomes fair virtue's throne."

Thus speaketh man, who would the praise
And all the glory win,
And by his native strength would raise,
In ignorance of sin,

A monument of works of might,
In which he still may boast,
Making things fair to outward sight,
Unheedful if still lost

To God in Christ—so that man's laws
Be honoured all is right;
The end's obtained—'tis so, because
Man walketh here by sight.

Self seeks her own, and, still the same
Within her selfish span,
To virtue owns no higher claim
Than duties paid to man:

Be honest, prudent, just and true:
Hurt none, to all be kind:
Give unto every man his due—
You have all good combined.

For Jesus' sake, yourself deny:
Walk by His humbling rules:
Fear God, hate self, and to sense die:
Do this—and you are fools.

So says the world, which, still unchanged,
Even where science sways;
Proves, from God's humble fear estrang'd,
The difference of their ways.

But though man's puny power shall fail,
To rectify this globe;
The arm of God shall soon prevail
And it of sin disrobe.

He shall arise and quick destroy
All who destroy this earth;
He will His mighty power employ,
And from disease and dearth,

From death and evil, and from all
That makes the curse, shall free—
He shall renew her from the fall,
And she shall perfect be.

This He hath spoken—and as sure
As there exists a God,
So will His faithfulness endure
According to His word.

Jehovah, God—He still fulfils
The promises he made—
Look then, Lord, on the various ills
Which the spoil'd earth pervade.

Hear her complain of vanity,
Of pride, oppression, war;
And that her faithless progeny,
Rebellious children, are,

Estranged from Thee, joined to thy foe,
Abusing every breath;
Heaping up wrath, anguish and woe,
Producing fruits of death.

O, answer her, and speed the close
Of all this misery!
And soon reclaim and perfect those
Who shall return to Thee.

O, from the nations soon collect,
A people for Thy praise!
The number of Thine own elect,
Soon gather—now upraise.

Men for this end—and send them forth,
Men filled with faith and grace,
Throughout the earth, east, west, south, north,
To every tribe and race,

To preach Thine everlasting Word,
And snatch, as from the flame,
From out her tribes the people, Lord,
To glorify Thy name,

Then shalt Thou come, Thy remnant saved,
And quick destroy Thy foes;
E'en those who all Thy threatenings braved,
And did Thy grace oppose:

For who on earth will not obey
The gospel of thy Son,
Thou in Thy day of wrath shalt slay,
Yea, slay them every one.

They from before Thy flaming ire
Shall flee and be consum'd;
And in deep graves of living fire,
Be evermore entombed.

Whilst those, who served Thee shall awake
To endless righteousness;
Be raised Thy glories to partake,
And all Thy boundless bliss.

Then, when from dust again they rise,
Shall Thy good will be done,
Upon the earth as in the skies,
And Thine exalted Son

The exulting earth shall loudly praise,
Yea glory in His fame ;
And all her tribes and nations raise
Their tongues to bless His name ;

While to them the blest sons of God,
Then entered into rest,
Shall show the wonders of thy word
And Thy truth manifest.

Who hath this hope doth purify
Himself, without, within ;
From every evil thought doth fly,
And keeps his garments clean.

O, by Thy Spirit me prepare
To see my Saviour's face !
O, on that day may I be there,
Accepted through Thy grace !

That I may all Thy goodness see,
And taste Thy perfect love ;
And ever join in praising Thee,
With all the hosts above.

Till then, I'll give Thee, Lord, no rest ;
Unceasingly I'll call ;
For men and earth remain unblest,
Till Thou art all in all.

CHRIST ALL IN ALL.

Jesus, my Lord, I ever would
Thy bright example view,
Follow Thy steps in doing good,
And all Thy paths pursue.

Thou art my Prophet—teach Thou me,
Thy law's deep wondrous things,
And the more wondrous mystery
That from Thy gospel springs.

Thou art my Priest—still intercede
For sinful me, as one
For whom Thou on the cross didst bleed,
And from destruction won.

Thou art my King—come quickly come,
Set up Thy throne within,
Make my poor heart Thy lasting home,
And save me from all sin.

Master, Thy servant bless, that I
May own my Shepherd's care;
Kept by my Guardian's watchful eye,
From every hurtful snare.

How can I praise enough or bless
Thy grace, Thou living Word;
So freely shown to me, far less
Than all the saints of God.

In every thought, and word, and deed,
I'll study Thy blest will,
So shall I in the hour of need
Obtain Thy presence still.

O while Thy true blood compensates,
May I Thy statutes keep!
So through Thy holy city's gates,
I, entering, joy shall reap.

Now, ever be Thou, Christ, my Lord,
With Father, Spirit joined,
Praised as the one true-living God,
By all thy works combined.

ODE—ON THE EVENING STAR.

Hail! chiefest of the living gems that sparkling deck the sky;
Hail! fairest of the blessed orbs that hymn their course on high;
Star of the Evening, whose all-beauteous ray
Crowns the flushed glories of the closing day;
Set in its rosy light,
Leading the hosts of night,
Brightest where all is bright,
Thou holdest on thy way,
Purely fulfilling His Almighty will,
Who bade thee glow and show His goodness still,
A goodness, boundless as its source divine,
Which o'er a rebel world makes such as thee to shine.
Thy beams speak peace,
So steady, full and calm;

Still with the deepening darkness they increase,
And to the o'ercast mind impart a soothing balm:
Yes, when depress'd and troubled with the strife
And harrowing cares that crowd the paths of life,
Thy beamings meet the gaze—their soft, their deep,
Unbroken quietness allure the thoughts, and steep
Quick in forgetfulness of cares and griefs, awhile
Beguiled from earth to heaven, soothed by thy placid smile:
Thus oft to harrass'd minds thy influence is known,
And thus, through thee attain'd a purer healthier tone,
They bless the Lord of every good, and thee a mercy own,
A living spark, in love detach'd, from mercy's fairest throne.
Yes, star of radiant eye,
First of the lights on high,
Queen of their galaxy,
Benevolence alone,
Conspicuous as good, they then through thee descry.
Well, even might the heathen deem, and name thee Love's own [star,
For thy sweet gentle rays of light, as Love's own beamings are;
Yet not of earth the love in thee I trace,
Such constant love on earth could ne'er have place;
No, as that star of old
That shone o'er Bethlehem's fold,
And to a lost world told
Of mercy and of grace,
And ne'er declined, till it had shown the way
To where the Source of grace and mercy lay,
Till the first fruits of grace the path had trod,
And from afar drew nigh, and owned the Saviour God;
So thy pure ray
Seems a sweet radiance given,
To purify and lure men's minds away
From earthly griefs and cares, to peace like thine in heaven.

In thee I still would grateful recognise
My Maker's bounteous hand, and learn to prize
The goodness infinite which so adorns
With thousand lights like thine, probation's vale of thorns;
If in this passing scene such glorious sights are given,
O how surpassing sense the better lights of heaven!
If a mere creature's glories give such joy below,
At the Creator's sight what rapturous bliss shall flow!
God and the Lamb, in heaven alone, unclouded light bestow,
Who reach thy courts, Jerusalem, the joyful truth shall know;
Shall feel it ceaseless pour
Its living, loving store,
In fulness evermore,
And with the glory glow,
Shine as the brilliant stars, and His blest name adore.

O Thou, in whose Almighty hand are held the starry suns:
Whose wisdom marks the ceaseless course each globe obedient runs:
Whose skill directs them in their circling way:
Whose glory lightens, and whose love doth sway;
Who in the nightly plain,
Thy boundless ether main,
Marshals their countless train,
In glorious array,
Naming their names, for each to Thee is known,
On Thee depends, and shines for Thee alone:
Be Thou adored! for though these cease to shine,
The souls of men, Thou'st made immortal and divine,
Shall ever live:
Yea, though suns, stars, decay,
Shall live to shine, if they do only strive
To walk before Thy face in wisdom's perfect way.
O may the light upon the nations rise,
That knows no setting in th' Eternal skies!

Jews, Gentiles see the beams of Israel's Star,
Tongues, peoples, kindreds own, and hail it from afar,
Until Thy kingdom come and to Thy Christ be given,
And on this earth Thy will be done as in Thy heaven!
For this, O hear Thy saints, who ever Thee entreat,
And till the Day Star rise, keep low at Jesus' feet;
That soon Thy blessed, promis'd Light their longing eyes may greet,
And in Thy kingdom, raised to shine, they all enraptured meet;
Naming Thy name as one,
Bless'd Father, Spirit, Son,
Through Christ the victory won,
Salvation, grace complete;
Eternal glory, peace, and happiness begun!

PREPARATION FOR GOD'S WORSHIP.

"But the hour cometh, and *now is*, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth."—*John* iv. 23, 24.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence."—*Pro.* iv. 23.

To keep thy heart with diligence and care,
When to God's holy worship you repair,
Are words of solemn weight, and shall we dare,
Faithless and spiritless, to make to God our prayer?

If heathens do approach their gods of clay,
With anxious feelings of sincerity,
Shall Christians deem, with heedless mockery,
To call upon the Lord at all acceptably?

If those who worshipp'd under Moses' law,
Though they the types and shadows only saw,
Unto God's holy presence nigh did draw,
With reverential fear, and solemn, sacred awe,

Becomes it us, who, under milder reign,
Through Him who died the privilege to obtain,
The names of sons, not servants, now may claim,
To abuse His goodness still, and His free grace profane ?

Has not the ceremonial veil been rent ?
Are not the rituals and the rites, which bent
To grievous yoke the Jewish necks, now spent ?
And in their room, through Christ, in free rich mercy sent,

His people a pure Priesthood been ordained,
To offer spiritual offerings, no more stained
With blood of beasts inferior, now obtained
The end of every type, and light unclouded gained ?

Then know thy privilege and thy danger too,
And, Christian, dare no longer to pursue
The path of fools—but think why God withdrew
His presence from the Jews, O think He may from you !

O Lord, may we Thy sacred words so hear,
That we henceforth before Thee may appear
With holy trembling and with Godly fear !
So shall we feel and bless Thy vouchsafed presence near.

DESIRING THE FULFILMENT OF GOD'S PROMISES.

O Thou, Holy, glorious Spirit,
Spirit known at Pentecost;
Though Thine aid we cannot merit,
Being guilty, wretched, lost:

Yet, His righteousness regarding,
Who Thy presence for us bought,
And through Him our guilt discarding,
Come and cleanse our every thought.

Take Thou of the things of Jesus,
And reveal them to our eyes;
From carnality release us,
First excite, then hear our cries.

By Thy light in us revealing,
Stir us up to seek Thy grace;
And instil in us a feeling
For each fellow-sinner's case:

In behalf of every creature,
Who regardeth not Thy will,
Who may bear a stamp or feature
Of the serpent's image still;

Whether yet in total darkness,
Or neglecters of Thy light,
O, snatch those from endless blackness!
O, save these from deeper night!

Spirit, o'er the vast confusion
Of the moral void—as dove,
Brood Thou, and produce profusion,
As of yore, of light and love.

Gather from each darken'd nation,
For Thy name, a chosen race,
Who shall know Thy full salvation,
And for ever show Thy grace.

Jesus, haste Thine own election!
Thou hast said the day is near;
Speed! O speed, the blest collection
Of Thy saints, for them appear!

For in them Thou wilt be praised,
Who Thy name do not deny;
They from death shall then be raised
While Thy foes in darkness lie.

Who, while grace and mercy lasted,
Thy blest word did not obey—
All removed before Thee, blasted,
Then shall curse their natal day.

Then the Morning Star ascending
Shall enlighten heathen lands;
Darkest clouds of error rending,
Chase their gloom and burst their bands.

Then shall all, O Lord, address Thee
As their great, their only King;
Reconciled, all nations bless Thee
And all tribes Thy praises sing.

Father ! Spirit ! Thou hast spoken,
Quickly all the nations shake,
Unto us vouchsafe a token ;
Hear us for the Saviour's sake !

REVERIE ON A RUIN.

Alas for the hall of the princely domain !
Black ruins are all of its pomp that remain.—
Far, far my eye roves, but of bush or of tree,
Of garden or groves no vestige I see,

Save stumps low and bare—a waste is the park,
Nor culture is there, nor boundary mark ;
Nor can it be shown where Art's hand has been—
The ruins alone rise over the scene,

Which meeting the eye, relieved by the glow
Of an evening sky, fantastically show,
And seem to deride some great one unknown,
Who reared them in pride, then left them alone.—

The hearth it is cold—its flags are o'ergrown,
And rank weeds enfold its crumbling stone,
And walls that displayed both banner and sword,
That darkly did shade full revelry's board,

That rung to the strain of wassail and song,
But echo again the wind's hollow moan.
Its master has gone—its inmates have flown—
And now there is none to whom they were known ;

No traces are here to mark who have been;
The ruins appear alone on the scene.—
Alas for the hall of the princely domain!
Black ruins are all of its pomp that remain.—

Its lord, who was he? In vain you enquire!
No trace can you see of son or of sire;
In vain do you task genealogy's tree:
From records would ask, Its lord, who was he?

Time, all trace consumes, hides history's key,
Save echo resumes, Its lord, who was he?
The neighbours are sought—they answer again,
"Your query is nought, your search is in vain;

In vain you explore, forgotten his name,
The subject no more of praise or of blame;
The stranger with pains but searches to fail:
Tradition retains but wrecks of a tale.

'Twas said he was great, and princely, and proud;
That round his high state dependants did crowd,
Together did vie his wishes to crown,
Quailed under his eye, blanched under his frown:

The lady was gay, and lovely, and bright,
Her presence was day, her absence was night;
Her grief to beguile, all seemed to conspire;
They lived in her smile—her slightest desire

Was rule, and was law—her gentle control,
Love mingled with awe, subjected the soul;
And children their pride, the hopes of their name,
Grew up by their side sweet blossoms of fame;

They shot up in strength each promising bough—
They withered at length—and where are thy now?
Some wasted their youth: some husbanded time;
Were lovers of truth, or workers of crime:

Some just trod the stage—some sped in their prime-
Some stooped but to age—all died as to time;
And parent, and child, and all the gay train,
By his touch beguiled, now nameless remain."

Thus wealth, beauty, power, have flown as a dream,
Have ceased as a shower, have passed as a stream;
As a spring-tide that shone, or a short winter day,
They were, and they've gone—they hasted away.

Soon life's at a close, as sear leaves that fall!
So was it with those, so is it with all;
As trace that is lost, or tale that is said,
Man gives up the ghost, and lies with the dead.

*Of few it is told, "he lived," or "he died"—
E'en nations of old have sunk in the tide
Of oblivion's sea, and nameless remain;
Thus far as we see, men live here in vain—

Sure vanity's writ on man from his birth!
He revels a bit in misapplied mirth,
And wilfully blind, and hardened from choice,
He gives to the wind his monitor's voice;

And strives hard to slay the doubts that portend;
He'll live while he may, nor think of his end!
But though thus he would his nature degrade,
Yet thought will intrude, and conscience upbraid.

* Read Genesis v.

Though fed to the full, the body may be,
Regardless of rule, the mind act as free,
The soul will at last droop, sicken, and pine,
Displeased with the past, its nature divine;

Yea, though strange to pain, and unknown to grief;
Though earth he should gain, man finds no relief
From cravings of want, inherent withal,
Which makes him to pant for an infinite all.

Thus man's state is vain, when cleaving to clay—
'Tis said then he's sane, when turning away,
In knowing disgust, from paths he has trod,
He putteth his trust alone in His God.

For what is there here can satisfy man?
In this lower sphere, no mere creature can—
If all's said to groan and travail in pain,
All creatures to moan, because they are vain;

Shall man, who's the cause, the author of sin,
Be freed from its laws, nor groan deep within?
Oh, no! God's decree is writ in his mind;
In vain he would flee—no rest he can find—

Corruption's abode, with vanity bound,
Man beareth the load, and sorrows abound!
In mercy abound—shut up unto sin,
He looketh around, he seeketh within;

No aid there is found, self nothing can give
To furnish a ground by which he may live;
The danger is near, in vain he would fly;
The sentence is clear, for sin he must die;

No way left to shun the sad doom prepared,
He feels he's undone, and cries to be spared;
For mercy doth cry, free, undeserved too,
Nor thinks now to buy, by ought he can do,

Salvation below, or glory above,
Redemption from woe, or heavenly love;
So, forced to embrace the sole gracious plan
That suiteth his case, and justifies man,

He's led to approve, by faith as disclosed,
God's dealings of love, long madly opposed;
Hence new feelings given, he thinketh anew;
Of earth, hell, and heaven, his judgments are true;

For loosened his love from vain worldly ties,
His treasure above, his home in the skies,
He treadeth the earth a stranger confessed:
Of heavenly birth, this is not his rest.

Hence, shunning each ill, however disguised,
And knowing the will of Love highly prized,
God's providence here he owneth as good—
No more doth he fear by evil pursued—

For humbled his pride, corrected his will,
Whate'er doth betide, he chooseth it still;
And groaneth no more, if poverty press:
He heedeth no more, mere earthly distress;

But doth the truth hold, with happiness fraught,
By grace it is told, by charity taught,
"Contentment is gain, with godliness joined."
None, none can complain, where these are combined;

Life's secret is this—who holds it in love,
His portion is bliss, below and above!—
Who is not aware with riches 'tis hard
To enter and share heaven's righteous reward?

Prosperity's gale, when crossing the tracks
It filleth the sails of Frailty's barks,
Still drenches their decks with billows of Pride,
And leaves them but wrecks, if Faith do not guide;

Or urges with force on Vanity's shoals,
Unless the dead course, fair Mercy controls—
How seldom we see, with Riches the freight,
The ballast to be Humility's weight!

Without which in vain they buffet the waves—
The ports they do gain are watery graves;
For Pomp's ample spread of canvas unfurl'd,
But ranks with the dead, when tempests are hurl'd;

But ballast so rare with Opulence found,
Humility there, Carnality bound,
With Faith at the helm, and Truth at the oar,
No waves may o'erwhelm—she reaches the shore

And anchors her fast where danger doth cease,
Attained at last the haven of Peace—
But did, is it seen, Prosperity tend,
As a help or a mean, to reaching the end?

No 'twas but the cause of danger and strife;
Averse are its laws to heavenly life—
Nor Fortune did aid, nor Riches prevail,
The harbour was made in spite of the gale;

For one that attained, a thousand were lost—
Heaven's hardly obtained by Affluence crost—
Hence judge not by sight what great is or good;
It oft is dark night when day understood

By those who God's light revealed will not use,
And though dark their sight, Faith's eye-salve refuse;
As these do not choose to know their Lord's will,
And mercy misuse: as the infidel still,

To all you advance, an argument brings,
Earth's goods to enhance, and to spiritual things
And heaven's rewards indifference shows,
So to earthly awards just be thou as those,

Your mind to them shut, and let it appear,
Whether palace or hut be your residence here,
It matters not aught to you which is given,
At last, if your brought, as faithful to heaven,

The city of light, where nought's to be feared;
There, there is no night—no gates need be reared
'Gainst no foes to guard—in regions of day,
Eternal reward that ne'er can decay,

Thy mansions prepared; earth's palaces are
To that house compared, as sparks to a star
In darkness which close, a moment they're seen,
You can hardly suppose they ever had been;

Thus earth's state is poor, as short as 'tis vain,
But that doth endure—and they who do gain
Through free grace divine, the heavenly shore,
Shall morning stars shine, nor set evermore.

Now be Agar's prayer the wish of my heart;
From poverty spare: from afluence part:
O Saviour divine, here, such to me grant!
Nor riches be mine, nor absolute want;

Lest poverty plead inducement to steal,
Or plenitude lead to lift up the heel
And kick against Thee, despising Thy grace;
From both I would flee: let neither have place.

In my chosen lot, from both me remove;
'Twas this Agar sought; Thou didst him approve.
Lord deign then to hear, nor my suit despise:
Each snare make me fear, towards Thee make me wise:

That I may now know that all things combine
Above and below, through favour divine,
For good unto those who trust in the Lord
And on Him repose, believing His word;

Still trusting may I Thy blessing obtain,
And though comforts die contented remain—
For who to the end shall patient endure,
Whate'er may portend, his portion is sure,

As seen in the light of God's revealed truth,
Inheritance bright! immortal in youth!
E'en this portion, taught by Him in His word
Eternal life brought by Jesus the Lord.

And witnessed by God to be in His Son,
By whose flowing blood for man it was won,
And given to those who will but believe!
My soul with Him close, the witness receive,

Nor call God a liar through thy unbelief!
But with great desire receive this the chief,
The highest, the best of the favours of Love,
Without which the rest imperfect would prove.

The source and the cause of happiness this:
With the Father it was the fountain of bliss:
From eternity did with Him dwell in Heaven:
Through Jesus our Head to man it is given!

Astonishing gift to one and all free!
My heart I uplift in faith unto thee,
Lord let me be heard! the gift it is Thine,
How great the reward! mine, still be it mine!

THE CHRISTIAN'S PORTION.

Jesus to all His saints is known
As Truth, and Light, and Love;
The only way to reach the throne,
And joys of heaven above.

Jesus doth all His servants keep,
If need be, from distress;
Reclaims and leads them as His sheep
In paths of righteousness.

Jesus grace, comfort, peace, bestows,
Probation's hour to cheer;
Removes the veil of sense, and shows
His promised blessings near.

Jesus doth lighten death's dark vale :
Chase doubts and fears away :
Makes joys unspeakable prevail,
Spite of dissolving clay.

Jesus alone doth recompense
And life superior give :
All those who in Him die to sense,
In Him rejoicing live ;

For though our bodies, in the strife,
Death overcome and slay,
The Resurrection and the Life
Shall soon release his prey !

Soon the devouring tyrant slay,
And all His saints restore,
Who, slain their direst enemy,
Shall live for evermore :

Lord Jesus, haste the glorious hour,
When, to this end revealed,
Thou shalt appear in mighty power,
To gather all Thy sealed !

When, raised and changed, Thy saints shall soar
To meet Thee, Lord, above—
Their bliss for ever to explore
Thy heights and depths of love.—

In the bless'd kingdom of the Son
What joy shall then be given !
When on the earth God's will is done,
E'en as it is in heaven.—

O may I live for that blest day,
In hope that joy to share!
Here may I wait, and watch, and pray,
And be rewarded there!—

To see His given glory beam
From my loved Saviour's face,
And, in reflected glory, gleam
From every child of grace;

To feel God's love complaisant, spread
My atmosphere around,
Sweeter than sweetest ointment shed,
Which holy Aaron crowned;

To feed on heavenly fruits that grow
On trees of life alone;
To drink of living streams that flow
From out the Eternal's throne;

T' enjoy, what heart hath ne'er conceived,
Nor mortal eye ere saw,
All the good things the Lord's decreed
For them who keep His law;

But chiefly to adore and praise,
And bless His wondrous name;
To sing His miracles of grace
And all His love proclaim.

These, fruits of Truth, and Light and Love,
These all with Christ are mine—
Of joys below, of joys above,
He is the source divine.

ODE ON HOPE.

Blest rainbow of the soul that ever sweetly cheers,
And with light's purest pencil paints the tears
Of grief's dark cloud, so that, when bursting down,
It spends itself in soft bright showers, and turns to smiles
its frown;
I hail thee Hope; an ever welcome guest:
Friend of the aching heart, and troubled breast;
Mankind's consoler in their weary way:
Man's blest enlightener in his darkest day;
O sacred Hope, I hail thee! thine the blest
And holy influence that giveth rest
From earth's anxieties and harrowing cares,
Saving from all her pitfalls, toils and snares.
To thee the child, to thee the aged turns;
For in each faithful heart thy pure lamp burns.
All saints do bless thy presence, and through thee,
Look for the promised rest of immortality.
But there's a false, a fickle light, whose ray
Shows but by starts, and that to lead astray;
Which gross and earthly, with o'er-powering glare,
Blindeth the steps it leadeth to despair;
Which followed, fondly prized, a carnal hope,
Its disappointed victims leaves to grope
In endless night—which, trusted, still betrays,
And thousands, yea, its tens of thousands slays!
For what is Hope apart from God and Truth?
A baseless dream! deceiver still of youth!
But true Hope on the Lord's word firm relies;
And from this earth to heaven, directs the eyes

Of Faith to look, till purified below,
Man owns the influence, and feels the glow
That strengthens his blest soul, and maketh light
His days of darkness, and his hours of night.
Hope makes the burden easy, shares the cross,
Throws into shade earth's gifts, and scorns the loss!
Reveals the greater glories, long reserved
For man reclaimed, for sinners undeserved;
Reveals the grace that gives it, and as his
Seals the salvation, and secures the bliss.

Ofspring of Faith! O hope for ever blest!
Come to my bosom, make thy home my breast!
Gift of the living God, my rainbow be!
Lighten my darkening clouds, affliction's waters free,
And in the passing drops God's grace reveal,
And faithfulness, and truth, that I may feel
Assuredly, though mighty floods portend,
His goodness will endure, His mercy never end.

Still, midst the gloomy clouds of grief may I behold thy
ray!
And, leaning on God's promised truth, unto Him faithful
pray.
In Noah's hope and blessed trust; so shall I sing with joy
The waters were o'erruled by God, and could not me
destroy!

CHRIST'S LOVE TO PENITENT SINNERS.

THY mercy, Lord Jesus, is boundless and vast,
Extends to the future, includes all the past;
Poor sinners approaching, are met with a smile:
No fear of encroaching, though ever so vile;

For Thou, blessed Jesus, delightest in grace,
And still callest sinners to seek but thy face,
And Thou wilt receive them, and take to Thy breast,
And there wilt relieve them, sore burden'd, with rest.

Then, O righteous Saviour! let grace still abound;
Let faith be increased, and many be found,
Who Thy love possessing, may walk in Thy light,
Thy favour confessing their only delight.

To this end, Redeemer, make all things conspire,
And thy servants still bless with heavenly fire,
That ever in preaching they look to Thee Lord,
With Thy Spirit's teaching, to publish Thy word;

So sinners, Lord Jesus, shall hear the blest sound,
'Midst tribes, peoples, kindreds, and nations around,
And many, the living, Thee Captain shall call,
To thee glory giving, their All in their all.

O soon, holy Jesus! Thy blessed elect
From earth's utmost ends, together collect;
And hasten the morning of glory and peace,
When for ever the scorning of sinners shall cease;

When Thou, mighty Jesus, with all blessings rife,
Shalt come as the great Resurrection and Life!
When thy blest salvation all hearts shall inspire,
And Thou of each nation, be all the Desire!

O hear us, most Holy! and for thy name's sake
Thy kingdom of glory, our Lord quickly take,
And haste to release us, for weary we groan,
O come soon, our Jesus! and make all Thine own.

STATE OF THE RIGHTEOUS AND THE WICKED AT THE JUDGMENT.

" Yea, also the heart of the sons of men is full of evil, and madness is in their heart while they live, and after that they go to the dead."—*Eccl.* ix. 3.

WHILE sinners dance their giddy round
All heedless of the morrow:
In many sinful ways abound,
And mock at threaten'd sorrow.

Time hurries past on swiftest wing,
Their thoughts, words, actions, sealing
Against the day of reckoning,
Dread day of dark revealing!

When the last trump shall sound the close
Of grace, and swift awaken
To endless bliss and life all those
Who sin had here forsaken:

When Christ shall come in awful state,
By Heaven's high hosts attended,
And good from evil separate—
Who, earth's distinctions ended,

Shall rise to life, or lie in death,
Confiding, or confused,
As they have spent thier mortal breath,
Used rightly, or abused

The various talents given to each
In time of their probation :—
The offered grace through which to reach
The one, the great salvation—

Who shall inherit life that day ?
Who shall be saved for ever ?
Receive the palm of victory
And crown that fadeth never ?

Those who in time trifled and slept,
Nor ever knew conviction
At God's commands not having kept,
Nor felt therefrom affliction !

Those who their belly made their god ;
And showed by their behaviour
They pleasure loved more than their Lord,
The world more than the Saviour !

Those who denial never knew,
To bear their cross refused ;
Who deemed their sins were small and few,
Though grace they still abused ?

Ah no, not these ! the glorious band
That have obtained salvation,
Though now clothed in white robes they stand,
Pass'd through great tribulation,—

And known earth, denial, grief,
Their sins alway lamenting,
Tow'rds Jesus Christ they showed belief,
Tow'rds God they turned repenting—

Therefore, their point of trial o'er,
To them it has been given
To mourn, to grieve, to weep no more ;
Their bliss replete in heav'n.—

But O, the Christless ! they shall quail,
Forsaken, unforgiven ;
Then they shall gnash their teeth and wail,
From peace for ever driven !—

Stay worldling then thy thoughtless course :
Regard its fatal ending :
Do not the God of mercy force,
His patience on thee spending,

To say at last in kindled wrath,
" Depart ye curs'd for ever,
To speechless woe that torment hath,
And fires that quenched are never."

O God, this awful end avert !
Let them not be requited
As is their due : do Thou convert,
And as Thou has respited

Up to this hour, so make them mourn
Their hard and evil speeches,
And wicked hearts that Thee do scorn-
Such truths Thy spirit teaches—

O may they all be taught of Thee,
And from thy paths stray never,
But serve Thee, Gracious, cheerfully,
For ever and for ever!

GOD'S GRACE TO PERISHING SINNERS.

To save from sin's tyrannic sway
And from its punishment,
God could alone devise a way,
Who knew its dread extent.

How dire the guilt! how great the sum!
Heaven could not name, nor Hell:
'Twill take Eternity to come,
The vast amount to tell.

Sin did abound, but grace did more,
Exceeding far above!
O how exhaustless is the store,
Of God's eternal love!

Its depths how great! its breadth how vast!
To cancel guilt and shame,
To blot out all transgressions past,
Because of His great name!

His name of Love—O men rejoice
In the revealed bliss!
Receive the truth, make him your choice,
And joy that you are His.

Joy in Him now—praise Him below,
So that above, Love's store,
You in its boundlessness may know,
And joy for evermore.

CHRIST THE ROCK.

MATT. vii. 24—27.

WHAT Thou, O Lord, dost say,
O may I ever hear!
On this rock my foundation lay,
My structure on it rear;

For stormy floods and rain,
However great their shock,
Must beat upon the house in vain,
That rests on Christ the rock.

But he that heareth not,
Nor doeth thy commands,
Shall be like house, without support,
Built on the shifting sand;

Which, when the storms shall burst
And streams against it beat,
Shall fall, all levell'd to the dust,
A ruin most complete—

Then guide me all my days,
Nor deem me foolish, Lord;
But make me build for endless days,
With, and upon Thy word.

PRAYER FOR HELP.

I TRUST me in covenant grace,
In mercy unclouded, divine,
Including alone man's perishing race,
But free to each link of the line.

The meanest of such, I do come
To put in my powerful claim;
I urge, how exhaustless the sum!
I bear mankind's perishing name.

I stumble, I perish, I die,
Unless Thou assistance afford;
Alone unto Thee I do cry,
Then save me, O save me, good Lord!

And work in my heart Thy pure will,
And cause me to live unto Thee,
And henceforth, from all that is ill,
Offensive, or hateful, me free.

Lord hearken and answer my prayer!
To me let Thy mercy be shown;
Thy Spirit, O still let me share;
To me Thy salvation be known.

Mine aids and my trusts are all gone:
As broken reeds faithless they were—
Beside Thee, O Lord, I have none,
On whom I can cast all my care.

Then help Thou my pitiful case,
And save me from all my distress;
Sufficient for me is Thy grace;
I still shall Thy faithfulness bless.

I now give Thee praise for Thy word;
Thy covenant, that is my stay:
Still guide me by it, blessed Lord,
So from Thee I never shall stray.

But ever be saved from the foe:
Be evermore kept in Thy love:
Be strengthen'd to serve thee below:
And raised to adore Thee above.

LINES FOR MUSIC.

"Stand in awe, and sin not commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still"—*Psa* iv 4

THIS, God's command and will,
At break of early morning,
At noon and eve, fulfil,
Thyself with self informing;
    But chief when night
    Has shut from sight
The world's scenes delusive,
    When on thy bed
    Thou'st laid thy head,
And silence reigns exclusive;
Then with your heart commune:
There make minute inspection:
Fear not its deepest gloom,
Nor dread its guilt's detection;

But searching to its core,
With truth's pure light revealed,
Give lurking place no more
For sin to lie concealed;
    But drag it forth
    To meet the wrath
It has so long deserved;
    Cast it away,
    Then turn and pray
From sin to be preserved;
Thus with your heart commune:
No corner leave neglected;
So, clear as summer's noon,
Its ways will be detected.

Still this thou canst not do,
So wicked thou wilt find it ;
Hard and deceitful too,
Beyond thy power to bind it ;
    But God gives grace,
    Then seek His face,
And ask His Holy Spirit,
    Thy heart to prove,
    And make it love
And truth in Christ inherit ;
Then with your heart commune,
Nor be at all dejected ;
None ever sought the boon
Aright, and was rejected.

There make your by-gone life,
Reviewed, to pass before you ;
Think of the world's vain strife,
The power its Prince had o'er you ;
    And let deep shame
    And self-clothed blame
Succeed to sin forsaken,
    And O repent
    Thy time misspent,
And to new life awaken !
Thus with your heart commune,
And turn to God relenting ;
He will your dross consume,
And pardon you repenting.

Think, how the fairest kind
Of worldly comfort veereth
With every changing wind,
Nor in one stay appeareth.

Though close we cling,
Riches take wing,
And though we fain would cherish,
Yet health decays,
And youthful days,
And strength, and beauty perish.
Thus with your heart commune,
And from earth's feelings sever;
Time, time is fleeting—soon
'Twill pass away for ever!

Think, how the uncertain breath
Of man as vapour wasteth:
Think of the certain death
Each child of Adam tasteth:
And think that ere
The dawn appear,
Of many suns revolving,
Thou wilt be cold
Within the mould,
Thy dust to dust dissolving.
Thus with thy heart commune
Or ever death o'ertake thee;
Used well, the precious boon
Of time to heaven will take thee.

Think too, how God has spared,
And means through Christ has given,
That you might be prepar'd
To share His joy in heaven!
How mercy's call,
To one, to all,
To you is still extended;
To turn from crime
Still gives you time,

Which might long since have ended.
Thus with your heart commune :
Be wise while hours await you :
God's time is mercy's noon,
Improv'd, He'll ne'er forsake you.

There think, how tears that flow
When from thy dear friends parted,
Can but exist below,
For unto saints departed,
    This life shall seem
    As vision'd dream
Of troubled night long vanish'd,
    Whose joys remain,
    While all its pain,
And griefs afar are banish'd.
Thus with your heart commune,
By faith hid things divulging,
Nor dare God's ways impugn
By sinful grief indulging.

Now if you nightly thus,
With your own heart communing,
Its every step discuss,
Its hasty feelings pruning,
    At last, you'll blest,
    As veteran rest,
Whose every foe is blasted,
    Whose evil day
    Has passed away,
Whose good alone has lasted.
And when you there commune
Your last, death stealing o'er you,
You shall not fear the tomb
Christ and His rest before you.

THE BLESSED.

Who are these that glorious stand
On the crystal sea of light,
Numerous as the ocean sand,
Countless as the hosts of night?

Clothed in white and lustrous robes,
Brighter than the noon-day sky,
Which the wealth of thousand globes,
All combined, could never buy—

Palms of triumph in each hand,
Shouts of victory they raise,
And, a consecrated band,
God, their Lord, with harpings praise!

All, with royal crowns are crowned,
Diadems that shame the day;
All, Jehovah's throne surround:
Tell me, tell me, who are they?

See! their golden crowns they fling
At their great Redeemer's feet;
Hark! heaven's wide dominions ring
With their praises loud and sweet.

See! their golden harps are strung;
Hark! creation raptur'd hears;
From their chords such notes are flung,
As entrance e'en angels ears.

Wondering, lo! they crowd around;
Fain would catch each lofty tone;
But the strains, sublime, profound,
To these blest are known alone.

Unto them the gift belongs,
To produce the sweetest lays,
And in highest, noblest songs,
Their Redeeming Lord to praise.

For their song of gladness swells,
E'en to God the Father's ears;
In His inmost courts it dwells,
And the perfect Godhead cheers!

Who are these exalted so,
Far beyond a mortal's ken?
Who are these! Once sons of woe,
Helpless sons of fallen men;

Sons of dust, of sin, and death,
Children of corruption—they
Here in pain drew mortal breath,
Compass'd with infirmity.

Many sufferings here they knew:
Bore with contradiction long:
Meekly, patiently pass'd through
Tribulations great and strong:

But from out of them they came,
All their enemies o'ercome,
And accepted, freed from blame,
Entered on their blessed home.

Happy! happy, sons of bliss!
Children of the Lord on high!
He is theirs! and they are His;
Heirs of immortality!

In His presence, 'midst His throne,
They adore Him night and day;
He preserves them as His own,
And takes all their cares away.

Hunger they shall feel no more:
Thirst again shall never meet:
Suns on them shall no more pour
Scorching beams, nor any heat:

For the Lamb, enthroned in might,
Himself these ever-blessed feeds;
Is Himself their joy and light,
And to living fountains leads.

They shall never more know fears,
Ceased then sorrows, griefs and cries:
God hath bless'd them, and all tears
Wiped for ever from their eyes.

Happy souls, in bliss too great
For a mortal to express!
Great indeed—but yet they wait
For a greater happiness!

Wait God's promise—yea they wait—
Wait in hope and certain trust,
For their final perfect state,
When their absent slumbering dust

He shall quicken by His might,
And their bodies shall renew,
To their happy souls unite,
And make them immortal too.

Not a sinful carcase loathed
Shall that day to them be given;
But their blessed souls be clothed
With their glorious house from heaven!

Liable no more to know
Woes, and sicknesses, and pains;
Nor to feel corruption flow
Through their burning throbbing veins;

But with spirit, light and love,
Their blest frames be then infused,
And the life of God above
Through their systems be transfused.

Yes, the Spirit's perfect life
Shall be theirs from that blest day,
Freed from all that leads to strife
Or can ever know decay;

For their bodies glorious, bright,
As their Lord's shall then appear;
Clothed in garments clear and white,
As a Bride, to God most dear;

Who will then all perfect make,
Count and seal them as His own,
Honoured, fitted to partake
Of His glory, joy and throne;

E'en the happiness complete
He shall give unto the Son,
When they all shall Jesus meet,
And with Him their Lord be one ;

For, till then, though, blest on high,
Eye to eye these cloudless see,
Though to Him they now are nigh,
Yet they shall imperfect be,

Till we join them—till the last
Of His faithful ones shall die,
And the changed have deathless pass'd
From life to immortality !—

Now my soul, come tell me how
Sinners can this bliss attain ?
Why are these exalted now ?
How did they salvation gain ?

Wherefore are these magnified ?
Wherefore honour'd so on high,
Sainted, sealed, and glorified ?
Wherefore was it ? tell me why ?

Was it that they were of Paul,
Or Apollo's name did bear?
Did themselves by Cephas call,
Or did Christ divided share ?

Was it that they bore the name
Of Barbarian or of Greek ?
Jew or Gentile? or laid claim
To Protestant or Catholic ?

Or were Methodists below,
Or as Independants known ?
Did the Quaker's habits show,
Or the Baptist's tenets own ?

Or were Presbyterians named,
Or Episcopalians styled ?
Were by lesser terms defamed,
Or by meaner names reviled ?

Was it that they one depress'd,
While they high another raised ?
This denied, and that confess'd,
This reproach'd, that other praised ?

Was it that they fiercely here
Did against one militate,
One did honour and revere,
Did another scorn and hate ?

No—ah no ! these gave no claim—
But the carnal mind betrayed !
They but told of weakness, shame,
And our frailty displayed.

No—'twas blood that saved the lost !
Blood, that made the unclean pure !
Blood alone, their claim, their boast,
Made their great salvation sure !

Blood—the precious blood of *one*,
Did for *all* their sins atone ;
Blood of Love, e'en God's own Son
There unites the blest alone !

Hence my soul—secured thy claim,
Jesus Christ and none beside—
Deprecate each hostile name
That would Him thy Lord divide.

Casting human robes aside,
Put His marriage garment on;
And whatever may betide,
Jesus, only Jesus own:

For confessing here His name,
These all wash'd in Jesu's blood;
Therefore, without fear or blame,
Stand they near the throne of God;

Therefore, there the song they raise
Unto Him upon that throne;
Glory, honour, blessing, praise,
To the Lamb and God belong;

Who redeemed us from each race,
Tribe and kindred, with His blood;
Hath here brought us by His grace,
And made priests and kings to God;

Made us Heirs with Christ His Son;
Called us by adoption's birth,
That as sons, in Him made *One*,
We may reign with Him on earth!

Fellow child of mortal dust—
Fellow child of fragile clay—
Put thou in the Lord thy trust,
If thou wouldst be such as they.

Him confess below, above,
In prosperity's abode,
Unto Him show forth thy love
In adversity's dark road.

Prize Him as your chiefest gain—
Love Him as you ought to do—
Let His love your thoughts constrain,
Constrain your words, and actions too.

As no other name is given
By which guilty men are saved,
Take Him as your claim to heaven;
Take Him as you are, depraved;

For it was alone to save
Guilty sinners that He came;
To redeem the burden'd slave;
Ruin'd wanderers to reclaim.

'Twas to cleanse mankind, that blood
Gush'd from out His pierced side!
'Twas to reconcile to God
Rebel beings that He died.

Wash, then wash, in this full tide,
In which all themselves may cleanse!
Jesus did the sea provide—
Blood alone remitteth sins—

Wash—O wash! 'twas Christ who died!
Faithful, the provision trust;
Look to Him—in Christ abide—
Faith in Him doth save the just—

Wash—still wash! that you may live
Here to Him—hereafter there,
Where to Him all glory give,
Where all His blest glory share—

Praise Him now—come sing the song,
Sing salvation to our God!
Unto Him doth praise belong:
Spread, O spread His praise abroad!

Lord, we bless Thee—blest, O blest!
Ever blessed be our God,
Who hath bought the blessed rest
For His people with His blood!

Be it ours to serve Thee here:
Our blest portion Thee to know:
Ours to own, and love, and fear
Thee our God the Lord below.

Ours, to Thee to live and die,
In the spirit of Thy Son:
Ours, Thy name to glorify:
Ours, to be with Jesus one.

Him with Thee, on harps to praise:
Golden harps Thou wilt supply,
Tuned for everlasting days:
Tuned for endless harmony.—

Peace from God, on one and all
Who love Christ with hearts sincere:
Shame and ruin shall befal
Those who do not love Him here;

When He comes to separate
Good from evil, false from true—
When He rises to create
And to make all things anew.

Lord, add to the sons of peace
Who'll with joy then see Thy face!
Lord, the cursed still decrease
Daily by Thy sovereign grace!

For the glory of that hour
Thine, O Lord, supremely is:
Thine the honour, Thine the power,
Thine the everlasting bliss.

CONFIDENCE IN CHRIST.

"But Christ as a Son over his own house; whose house are we, if we hold fast the confidence and the rejoicing of the hope firm unto the end."—*Heb.* iii. 6.
"Cast not away therefore your confidence, which hath great recompence of reward."—*Heb.* x. 35.

Midst fire, and floods, and raging storms,
I'll cleave to the Eternal Word:
Though danger threats in all its forms,
I'll follow on to know the Lord.

Afar He sees me, and doth know
My heart in trust, towards Him turns;
He, He is with me, for the glow
Of love to Him within me burns.

Unseen I love Him—and believe
He is, and that He will reward
The souls that His pure words receive,
And all His witness'd truths regard.

I love to hear, my Lord, Thy voice;
I know Thy call, the call of love;
Thou art my stay, my hope, my choice,
My all below, my all above.

My sickening heart for Thee doth pine!
When shall I meet Thee in the air?
When shall I see Thee, Lord, divine,
And all Thy promis'd blessings share?

When shall I dwell for ever there,
And never cease to praise my Lord?
Till then, O ever hear my prayer!
Till then, O guide me by thy word!

Then—though I draw in pain each breath:
Meet with disasters all my days:
Though trials, sicknesses and death,
Encompass constantly my ways;

Though Satan and the world combined,
Try with my heart, me to deceive;
My soul to Thee, for ever kind,
Will only the more closely cleave.

For sword, nor perils, war nor strife,
Nor death itself can make afraid,
Or separate from love and life,
The soul who on the Lord is stayed.

Thou,—Thou shalt save me, and in grace
Remember me, when Thou dost come
To take Thy kingdom, and to place
Thine own in their long promised home;

Where, through Thy love, I shall at last
Enter and know Thine endless rest—
All evil gone—all sorrows past—
For ever saved—for ever blest.

Father of all! unto Thy Son,
O may Thy kingdom soon be given!
And in the earth Thy will be done,
Even as it is done in heaven!

Soon may the Lord be manifest,
And all creation Jesus know!
Soon may all things in Him be blest,
And Thy name hallowed below!

For thine the glory of these days:
And Thine the great dominion is—
To the Creator be the praise—
To every creature be the bliss.

CONCLUSION.

In grateful strains of holy song,
Waken'd by bleeding love,
I've poured the heartfelt thoughts along
Vouchsafed me from above;

Held forth in peace the words of life,
Which truth and virtue teach;
And sown their seeds, afar from strife,
In simplest forms of speech.

To God the Father, Spirit, Son,
Have humbly offered praise;
And in the Saviour's name alone,
Tuned these my lowly lays.

Mine only aim Him to extol,
Who only giveth light;
Who only saves the human soul
From sin and endless night—

To twine the wreath of varied hue,
His goodness hath me spared—
The offering of the heart is true—
For Him it is prepared—

For Him my Lord, who dwells above
With every grace endued;
The wreath is His—'tis form'd of love,
Entwined on gratitude.

Twine the olive and the laurel,
Round the brow where thorns were bent!
With glory's chiefest robe apparel
Where the Roman scourge was spent!

The sceptre of supreme dominion
To His pierced hands confide,
And subject each vain opinion
To the sway men did deride!—

See the face that once was streaming
With the bloody sweat of grief,
Now with joy eternal beaming,
Scattering sin and unbelief!

He from shame did not withhold it,
Or from buffetings, and scorn:
Angels raptured now behold it,
The all-glorious Star of morn.

Yea, once marr'd with spittle, scorning,
He who here was still despised,
Now the Heaven of heaven's adorning,
There by all, o'er all is prized.

Rise then God! anoint—pour o'er Him,
Every precious ointment known;
Every knee be bowed before Him;
Every honour to Him shown.

Soon the mystery unravel,
When iniquity shall fall;
When He'll see His soul's sore travail,
And be raised, Lord over all!

Crown'd with many crowns reveal Him;
Every joy to Him award:
King of kings for ever seal Him—
Haste, O haste His great reward!

To the Saviour and Him solely,
Shall my gifts be ever brought;
Prayer and praises to Him wholly,
With devout affections fraught,

Ever offered—Lord accept them!
And from every error free;
Scorn them not, nor yet reject them
All imperfect though they be.

Mean the offering to Thee proffered,
Yet Thou, Lord, wilt not despise;
Humble praises, humbly offered,
Find all favour in Thine eyes!

Praise Thee! Yes, 'tis good to praise Thee!
Thy pure praise I'll still record
Till I die, and Thou shalt raise me
From the dead, to praise Thee, Lord!

SPECIMENS

OF A

PROPOSED NEW VERSION OF THE PSALMS OF DAVID.

PSALM XIX.

The glory of Jehovah God
The out-spread heavens declare;
The firmament proclaims abroad
His mighty workings there.

Day unto day still uttereth speech,
Though in a tongue unknown;
And night to night doth knowledge teach,
Though voice or sound is none;

Yet, through the whole of earth's extent,
Their words and rule have gone;
In them too God hath set a tent
For the light-giving sun,

Which, as a bridegroom brightly dress'd,
Comes from his resting place,
And as a mighty man refresh'd,
Exults to run his race;

Through heaven's expanse his light he spreads,
His circuit's there revealed ;
From the productive heat he sheds,
There's nought below conceal'd.

But God's law is the perfect light,
And doth the soul convert ;
The statutes of the Lord are right,
Rejoicing all the heart.

The witness of the Lord is sure,
Making the simple wise;
The Lord's commandment is most pure,
Enlightening the eyes.

The fear of God, which still is clean,
Endure for ever must;
God's judgments too are faithful seen,
And altogether just.

Sweeter than honey, e'en the store
Of honey-combs, they are ;
Than gold to be desir'd much more,
Than fine gold precious far.

Moreover, these Thy servant call—
Their warning voice is heard :
And in the keeping of them all
There is a great reward.

Who can his errors understand ?
From secret faults me cleanse ;
Thy servant also, by Thy hand
Keep from presumptuous sins.

O let them ne'er have power o'er me!
Then shall I upright live,
And innocent shall henceforth be,
From all that doth Thee grieve.

O Lord who my Redeemer art,
And rock—my words approve,
And let the workings of my heart
Thine approbation move!

PSALM XXXIV.

At all times I will bless the Lord:
His praise my tongue shall still employ:
My soul shall make her boast in God:
The meek shall hear thereof with joy.

O magnify the Lord with me!
Joined, let us raise His name on high:
I sought Jehovah God, and He
Saved from my fears, and heard my cry.

They looked to Him and lightened were,
Nor were ashamed of Him they sought—
This poor man cried—the Lord did hear
And out of all His troubles brought.

The Angel of the Lord 'bout those
That fear His name, encampeth round,
And them delivereth from their foes—
Jehovah's goodness doth abound:

O taste and see it!—marked for bliss
The man who in Him trusts indeed—
O fear the Lord ye saints of His,
Who fear Him never shall know need.

Lions, though young and strong, lack food
And suffer hunger, but the men
Shall never want for any good
That seek the Lord—come to me then

And I will teach Jehovah's fear—
Ye children, hearken unto me,
Who loveth days, and counts life dear
That He the coming good may see?

Thy tongue from every evil guard:
Thy lips from speaking aught untrue:
Do good: all wickedness discard:
Ever seek peace, and it pursue.

Jehovah's eyes are on the just;
His ears are open to their call;
They cry—the Lord regards their trust,
And from their troubles frees them all.

But against them that evil frame,
Jehovah ever sets His face,
And the remembrance of their name,
From earth shall blot out every trace.

The Lord unto all those that have
A broken heart, is ever near,
And He all those doth ever save,
That be of contrite spirit here.

Most manifold the righteous One's
Afflictions are—but God from all
Delivers Him—He keeps His bones;
Not one of them are broke at all.—

Evil shall slay the wicked one
And all who do the just One hate;
But God redeems His own, and none
Who trust Him, shall be desolate.

PSALM XLII.

As after water-brooks, the hart,
Thirsting, doth pant and bray,
So after Thee, O God, my heart
Doth longing, pant alway.

Yes, my parch'd soul for God doth thirst,
E'en for the living God;
When shall I come and as at first,
Appear before the Lord!

Tears, bitter tears both night and day
Have been my food alone,
While to me constantly they say
Where has thy great God gone?

In me my sore griev'd soul I pour,
When these I call to mind;
For to God's house I went of yore
With hosts of saints combined;

Yea with the joyous multitude
That kept the holy day,
I went with voice of gratitude
And joy and praise, to pray.

Why, why my soul art thou cast down?
And thus within me why
Disquieted ?—Thy God still own :
On Him alone rely ;

For (what my help and safeguard is,)
His countenance He'll afford,
I yet shall praise His name for this—
My soul hope thou in God—

My God I have no strength to stand,—
My soul's cast down—but still,
Thee I'll regard from Jordan's land,
Hermon's and Mizar's hill.

Deep calleth unto deep, when loud
Thy cataracts resound :
And all Thy waves and billows shroud
Me in their dark profound.

Yet, shall the Lord by day to me
His loving grace prolong—
To God my life, by night shall be
My prayer and my song—

Why, unto God my rock I'll say,
Hast Thou forgotten me ?
Opprest why must I mourn alway
'Cause of the enemy ?

As if my bones were broke—my foes
Do daily me upbraid,
And taunting ask me in my woes
Where is Thy God—thine aid ?

Yet why disquieted, my soul ?
Why thus cast down ? in God
Still hope—His name I'll yet extoll—
My Helper, and my Lord—

'SALM XLIII.

JUDGE me, O God, and be my trust
Against an impious land;
Deliver me from the unjust
And the deceitful's hand.

For why, O God my strength, dost Thou
Thus cast me off ? and why,
Mourning must I in bondage bow
To a dire enemy ?

O send thy truth out and thy light,
And to thy dwellings still
Me let them lead, and bring aright
Unto Thy Holy hill!

Then to the altar of the Lord,
To God my chiefest joy,
I'll go, and in thy praise, my God,
My harp I will employ.

Why, O my soul, cast down and weak,
Why in me so distress'd?—
Hope, hope in God, for yet I'll speak
The praise of God my Rest.

PSALM XLIV.

O God, our ears have heard thy ways:
Our fathers have us told
Of works Thou workedst in their days,
E'en in the times of old.

How Thou didst plant them in the land,
While thou didst punish sore,
Cast out and drive with mighty hand,
The heathen them before.

For of the land they did not get
Possession by their sword,
Nor did their own arm them protect,
Nor safety them afford.

But it was Thy right hand of might,
And Thy prevailing arm,
And of Thy countenance the light—
Thy favour kept from harm.

Thou art my King, O God! command
That Jacob still be free,
Then all our foes that 'gainst us stand
We will push down through Thee.

Yea, through Thy name we'll tread them low
That rise us to enslave,
For I'll not trust me in my bow
Nor shall my sword me save.

But Thou hast saved us from our foes,
And hast put them to shame
Who hated and did us oppose,
Therefore we praise Thy name.

For ever, yea the live-long day,
Our boast in God we make;
But thou hast cast us now away
And shame doth us o'ertake.

Thou go'st not with our host—our foes
Do therefore make us flee,
And we are plundered, spoiled by those
Who hate us—yea by Thee.

As sheep for slaughter we are brought—
Thou'st scattered us afar
Amongst the heathen, and for nought
Thy people purchased are,

Nor gain'st Thou ought—to neighbours round,
We a reproach are made,
Yea scorned by those who us surround,
And in derision had.

A by-word too Thou makest us
Midst heathen far and near;
A shaking of the head and curse
Among the people here.

Hence my confusion constantly
Before me is,—the shame
Of my hid face has cover'd me,
Because he doth blaspheme.

Because the voice of him the foe
And the avenger's heard
In loud reproach.—All, all this woe
Is come on us—regard!

For we have not forgotten Thee
Nor in Thy covenant slack,
Have we dealt ought deceitfully—
Our heart is not turn'd back.

Nor have our steps from Thy pure way
Declined—though Thou hast sore
In dragon's dens, us cast away,
And broke and cover'd o'er

E'en with death's shade—but if we have
Our own God's name forgot,
Or with out-stretched hands to save
Unto a strange god sought,

Shall God not search this out? for He
Knoweth the secret thought;
Yça for Thy sake alone are we
Killed all day long, as nought,

Yea for the slaughter but as sheep
Accounting us, they slay!—
Wake, Lord! arise! why dost Thou sleep?
Cast us not off for aye.

Why hidest Thou Thy face and yet
All our affliction here,
And our oppression dost forget?
O for our help appear!—

Our soul is bowed to the dust,
Our body to the ground;
Arise! redeem us! for we trust—
Thy mercies still abound.

PSALM XLVI.

Although the earth remov'd should be,
And though the mountains vast,
Be brought unto the deepest sea
And therein thundering cast—

Although its troubled waters break
And roaring have no rest,
And though the solid mountains shake
With their proud heavings prest—

Yet God's our Rock and Refuge still,
We therefore will not fear;
A very present help from ill,
He evermore is near—

A river's streams do ever grace
The city of our God,
And gladden still the holy place
Of the Most High's abode.

God, God is in her midst, nor fears,
Nor force shall move her stayed,
For when the morning dawn appears,
God shall afford her aid—

The heathen raged: kingdoms were moved:
He uttered His voice:
Melted the earth—our hearts approved;
We ever will rejoice,

Because the Lord of Hosts is still
With us for ever nigh,
The God of Jacob from all ill
Our refuge is on high—

Come and Jehovah's works behold—
Astonish'd, wonders see,
Which He has done on earth, untold
His desolations be.

Unto earth's end He maketh wars
To cease—He breaks the bow—
He cuts the spear in two—the cars
He in the fire doth throw.

That I am God know and be still!
Among the heathen I
Will be exalted, yea I will
On earth be raised on high.

The Lord of Hosts to us doth yield
His presence, still the same;
The God of Jacob is our shield—
All hallowed be His name.

PSALM LXI.

Hear, O my God, my suppliant cry!
Attend unto my prayer;
For from the ends of earth will I
Still cry to Thee to spare.

My heart is overwhelm'd, O Lord,
To whom shall I apply!
Lead, lead me, to the rock my God,
That higher is than I.

For Thou a shelter art to me,
And shield where'er I go:
A tower of strength to which to flee;
For safety from the foe.

My dwelling place Thy courts within,
I evermore will make;
And in the covert of Thy wing,
I still will refuge take.

For Thou, O God, my vows hast heard,
And given to me the claim,
The heritage and great reward,
Of those that fear Thy name.

Thou, Lord, the king's days wilt increase
From out Thy plenteous store;
His years of bliss shall never cease,
But last for evermore.

Before His God He shall abide,
And from His ways ne'er swerve;
Mercy and truth Thou wilt provide
They shall the king preserve.

So to Thy Holy name I still,
Will praises sing alway;
And thus shall constantly fulfil,
My vows from day to day.

PSALM LXVI.

With joyful noise our God proclaim,
All lands combine and raise
A song in honour of His name;
All glorious make His praise.

"In all Thy works," unto God say,
How terrible art Thou!
To Thee through Thy great power's display,
Thine enemies shall bow.

All earth shall sing and worship Thee,
Yea, sing unto Thy name;
Come and God's mighty workings see
His awful acts proclaim:

His acts to men—He dried the sea,
On the firm land they trod:
Where swept the flood, e'en there did we
Rejoice in Him, our God—

He ever by His power rules :
His eyes the nations spy ;
Therefore let not rebellious fools
Exalt themselves on high.

O, all ye people, bless our God,
And of His praise still make
The grateful voice be heard abroad,
In whom we life partake !

Who letteth not our feet be moved :
For Thou hast tried us sore ;
Yea, O our God, Thou hast us proved,
As tried is silver ore.

Thou broughtest us into the net :
Affliction too abode
Upon our loins, there by Thee set,
And, caused by Thee, men rode

Over our heads—so that we went
Through water and through fire :
But Thou us brought'st, our trials spent,
Unto our hearts' desire.

With burnt-offerings I will go
Into Thy house, and pay
My vows, which to Thee long ago,
Mine anguish'd lips did pray,

And which in trouble my mouth spoke—
I'll offerings rich prepare :
Incense of rams shall grateful smoke,
And goats and bullocks there.

Come ye that fear my God, hear all,
What He did for my soul;
I with my mouth to Him did call,
And with my tongue extoll.

If in my heart I sin regard,
Jehovah will not hear:
But verily God hath me heard,
And to my prayer gave ear.

Blessed be God, when I did pray
I was not spurn'd from Thee;
Nor didst Thou gracious turn away
Thy mercy Lord from me.

PSALM XC.

Lord in all generations past
Thou'st been our sure abode.
From all Eternity Thou wast,
And evermore art God.

And that before the mountains great,
Ere by Thy power had birth,
Or ere Thou didst this world create,
Or formed the solid earth.

A thousand years to us so vast,
Are equal in Thy sight
To yesterday when it is past,
Or as a watch of night.

Thou to destruction man dost turn,
And unto dust, dost say,
Ye children of mankind return—
Thou carriest them away

As with a flood—so is life's stream
As rapid—for they pass
As a deceitful morning's dream,
Or as the changing grass,

Which flourisheth in all its pride
When breaks the golden day,
But which, cut down at even tide,
Quick withereth away.

For by Thine anger we're disgraced,
And at thy wrath afraid,
Our crimes before Thee Thou hast placed,
Our secret sins displayed

In light of Thy dread countenance,
Hence all our days do end
Quick in Thy wrath, and as a trance,
Or tale our years we spend.

The days of all our years are told
At three-score years and ten,
And if because of strength they hold
Till four-score years, yet then

Labour and sorrow is their strength:
Soon closes the short day:
Ah soon our life cut off, at length,
We quickly fly away!

The power of Thine anger who
The awful knowledge hath ?
Even O Lord, according to
Thy fear, so is Thy wrath.

So teach to number our short days,
That we our hearts may turn
To walk henceforth in wisdom's ways !-
How long O Lord ! return,

And tow'rds Thy servants now repent,
And to us gladness give ;
Soon with Thy mercy us content
That we may joyful live.

According to the days Thou hast,
Affliction made us see,
And as the years of evil past,
So make us glad in Thee.

And to Thy servants here below,
Let Thy good works appear,
And Thy bright glory do Thou show,
Unto their children here.

And let the beauty of our God
Be on us, and make sure,
Our handy-work to us, O Lord,
Yea make it to endure.

PSALM CXXXVI.

O give ye thanks unto the Lord,
That He is good, His name adore;
Thanks to the God of god's afford,
Whose mercy lasts for evermore.

Thanks to the Lord of lords, whose skill
Works of great wonder doth alone,
Whose wond'rous mercy ages still,
Eternal ages shall make known.

To Him that all the heavens made,
By wisdom, and the deep, above
This teeming beauteous earth displayed,
O'er which His mercies ceaseless move.

To Him who made each shining light,
The glorious sun to rule by day,
The moon and stars to rule by night,
Because His mercy lasts for aye.

To Him who with a strong arm smote
The first-born of all Egypt's land,
And from their midst His Israel brought,
Triumphant with an outstretch'd hand.

Him, who the Red Sea did divide,
That Israel might secure pass through,
Then called again the obedient tide,
And Pharoah and his hosts overthrew.

To Him who fed a multitude,
His people, through the desert waste ;
To Him who mighty kings subdued,
And slew famed kings, for them debased.

E'en Sihon king of th' Amorite,
And Og who Bashan's realm did sway,
He made their lands His Israel's right :
His servants' heritage for aye.

To Him who when our state was low,
Did not forget, nor us despise ;
Who hath redeemed us from our foe,
And saved from all our enemies.

To Him who to all flesh has given
And still gives food from day to day,
To this great God, the God of heaven ;
Give thanks and praise His name alway.

CHORUS.

And this because His truth doth last,
His mercy last, and ever will,
The future, as the present past,
Shall find His mercy endless still.

THE END

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